

# The Sketch

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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1918.

NINEPENCE.



THE 1918 GIRL.

DRAWN BY E. BLAMPED.





"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot").

### The Patriot's Quandary.

I sympathise with you, friend the reader. It is difficult, not a doubt of it, to hit on the right attitude towards life just at the moment. If you are cheerful, you are a selfish hog. If you are content, you are a fool. If you are optimistic, you are a still worse fool.

On the other hand, if you are depressed, you are helping the Hun. If you grumble about food or drink, you ought to be in the trenches and see how you like that. If you are pessimistic, you ought to be taken out and shot for a spy and a traitor.

Yes, I sympathise with you. I have not yet met the man whose attitude can be considered perfectly poised. What is the good of any man pretending, for example, that he likes paying fifteen shillings a bottle for whisky, and that he rather enjoys the thought of his wife standing in a queue for three hours to get it? Obviously, the fellow is a liar, and a humbug, and an exasperating numskull.

Equally exasperating is the man who tells you that the war will last for thirty years, and then end in a stalemate because there will be nobody to fire the guns. There are such men—not many, thank goodness, but a few.

Patience, I suppose, is the greatest possible virtue in these days. I don't think I have any craving to meet Mark Tapley. I should hate to have to fell the well-meaning creature with a shrewd blow on the head from a bucket.

**In the Queue.** Some ignorant person yelled out at Sir Arthur Yapp the other day: "Why don't we see Society people in queues?" I forget what Sir Arthur replied, but the right answer was, "Because you don't look, or, if you do look, you don't know them when you see them."

I saw a queue a little while ago composed as follows—

- 1 Admiral.
- 1 Peeress of the Realm.
- 1 Duchess.
- 1 Bishop.
- 1 King's Counsel.
- 1 Admiral.
- 1 Baronet's Wife.
- 1 General.
- 1 Archdeacon.
- 1 Eminent Surgeon's Wife.
- 1 Colonel.
- 1 Royal Academician.
- 1 Bishop.
- 1 Countess.
- 1 Special Messenger.
- 1 Rural Dean.

Sir Arthur Yapp should have had them photographed. Propaganda.

### A Personal View.

It is the correct thing, at this time of the year, to review the whole war situation. Everybody has done it. The Premier has done it, all the Allied newspapers have done it, all the enemy newspapers have done it, and the Kaiser has done it. So I shall do it.

The Kaiser is mad. My reason for asserting that the Kaiser is mad is this: I do not believe that any sane man would be consistently blasphemous for three-and-a-half years. (The gentleman was always, of course, slightly blasphemous, but his pre-war blasphemies were insignificant compared with later performances.) Here is the latest as I write—

"The Kaiser, standing on the steps of the altar, addressed the troops, and said: 'You have just heard the eternal words "Peace upon earth." . . . War has been sent to us by God for purification and self-examination. For nearly half-a-century we faithfully maintained peace. Then we saw our peace disturbed by others. Trusting in God's help, we have shown them how great is our strength, but they still have the foolish hope that they can conquer us. So it is by force that we must bring back peace upon earth. You—we all—are instruments in the hands of the Almighty for restoring peace to the world.'"

Can you deny that these are the ravings of a lunatic? "We saw our peace disturbed by others." Who disturbed it? Sheer disgusting blasphemy, the first evidence of imbecility.

### Personal View Continued.

Well, you grant that the Kaiser is mad. If he is mad, those around him must know it. There is no disguising madness. Nature has taught even children to recognise the symptoms.

What, then, can the leaders in Germany do?

They could give in if they dared to give in, but my own impression is that they are afraid to give in. They know the hideous crimes they have committed, and they naturally dread the consequences.

Being afraid to give in, they have only one course open to them—to go on. So they go on, and the soldiers die by the thousand, whilst the people slowly starve. That is the situation, is it not?

Where is the remedy? If the Kaiser is mad, and those in authority are afraid to give in, what must happen to bring about the end? The power must be wrested from those who are mad or afraid, and given to those who have not committed the worst crimes and who are sane enough to see the ruin that awaits their Empire.

But nobody can or will give it. What then? They must take it. But will they take it? Yes, as soon as they are sure that the ringleaders will be punished, and that death by torture does not await every man, woman, and child in Germany.

How is that fact to be conveyed to them? I would venture to suggest, in conjunction with shell-force, brain-force.



DAUGHTER AND GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT:  
MRS. McADOO, AND HER LITTLE GIRL.

Mr. W. G. McAdoo, Secretary of the American Treasury, has been appointed Director-General of American Railways, retaining his original post. Mrs. McAdoo, who is seen here with her little daughter, Miss Ellen Wilson McAdoo, at Spring Lake, N. Jersey, their summer home, is the daughter of President Wilson.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]



THE DEAR THING !



LADY BOODLE: Mosquito-nets! How frightfully interesting—they ought to hold quite a number!

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.





### By Royal Warrant.

Royalty smiles on tea-dances, and that is why so many hostesses are having them, and all the wounded officers for miles around are invited. Someone was saying the other day that Princess Mary never appeared at any dances. They were wrong; she does. The Queen thinks dancing a delightful form of amusement, and so our little Princess Mary has been seen at several. I remember one at Lord Farquhar's house.

### A Matchless Anecdote.

matchless in the annals of history. King George, the Queen, and Princess Mary were



A FAMOUS AMERICAN GOLFER TO BE AN AIRMAN, AND A HUSBAND: MR. F. OUIMET.

Mr. F. Ouimet, who is training as an airman of the U.S. Army, is engaged to Miss Stella Sullivan, daughter of Mr. J. H. Sullivan, a wealthy contractor.

Photograph by Sport and General.

malmaison-pink sash and big hat. But what she is really looking for is a big and perhaps more serious part. I have a notion she could do it.

### Russian Relics.

I saw one of the jewels that the ex-Tsaritsa sold fairly recently. It now belongs to Miss Winnie Melville, who sings in "Bubbly" about the little cottage with a little doorstep and "Welcome" on the mat. It is of platinum (not the mat!), a large round pendant set with diamonds and several black pearls, part of the Tsaritsa's famous collection of black pearls. Little Winnie Melville, who was on her way to the photographer's with a maid behind carrying quantities of jolly pyjamas and negligés and frocks for some amusing magazine pictures, was very proud of her pendant, and told me its history.



Golfer: "I've never known the 'greens' in better condition on this course."

Many golf clubs are using part of their courses for allotments.

they have also attended to the gardens at the Almshouse of Iver. The work on the allotments and almshouse gardens was a voluntary contribution to the nation's food-supply. In one case—that of a



A PEER'S SISTER AS HOSPITAL COMMANDANT: THE HON. MRS. BIRKIN.

Mrs. Birkin, sister of Viscount Chetwynd, has been for three years Commandant and Matron of Arnot Hall, Daybrook, Auxiliary Military Hospital.

Photograph by Lafayette.

### Teddie at Home.

Teddie Gerard's dressing-room at whatever theatre she is is one of the most entertaining places in town. All sorts of folk go visiting there. There is a rumour that Ambrose McEvoy is to paint Teddie's portrait one fine day soon; and I believe Mr. Winston Churchill—who is, however, not doing much painting now—may sketch her. Teddie Gerard likes her part in "Cheep," and looks like a flapper again in "Somebody's Coming to Tea on Sunday," with her simple frock of palest pink and big hat. But what she is really looking for is a big and perhaps more serious part. I have a notion she could do it.



DISPENSING SUNSHINE: LORD AND LADY BURNHAM AT BATTERSEA BATHS.

Lord and Lady Burnham (third and fourth from right) are seen presiding at the Christmas Festival of the Sunshine Guild for Poor Children.

Photograph by L.N.A.

### Cinderella à la Mode.

A delightfully nonsensical "Grand Pantomime of Cinderella," a new version of this ancient fairy-tale, with clever topical hits by Mrs. J. T. Grein, was given at the Military Hospital in Endell Street. The charming modern Cinderella (Miss Meggie Albanesi) was the daughter of Baron Sunnydale (M. Max Mossel), and had two simpering half-sisters, Lobelia (Miss Inez Bensusan) and Hydrangea (Miss Agnes Thomas), daughters of the Baroness Sunnydale (killingly acted by Mr. Ernest Thesiger). In the Baron's kitchen, when Cook (Miss Clare Greet) and Jane (Miss Massie Horne) went on strike, induced by the Demon Discontent (Mr. Arthur Fayne), the lanky, skittish, resourceful Baroness overcomes all domestic difficulties by despatching her family for "a coal" and two lumps of sugar. The sugar arrives in straw in a huge box, almost lost like the proverbial needle. Then follows the concoction of a monumental rabbit-pie, of dough, a woolly rabbit, a snake, and the lady's "false front," which she deftly removes from her noble head. The war causes the Prince



LIGHT-HEADED!

"Have you tried our new pocket lighter? Gas instead of petrol, you know!"

Harry Claff was Chief Demon of the Cave and also Emperor of China, a rôle in which he so much resembled the august tyrant in "Chu Chin Chow" that the Widow Twankay exclaimed "Oscar, you ought to be Aschamed of yourself!" The orchestra was so successfully camouflaged under wistaria that Mr. James Glover, in his efforts to preserve the *ensemble*, appeared to be between the devil and the deep blue sea, and calling for help from a half-submerged boat by means of a waving oar.



"MENTIONED" AS A SPECIAL PROBATIONER: THE HON. RACHEL LYTTTELTON. The Hon. Rachel Lyttelton is a daughter of Viscount Cobham.

Photograph by Val P. Estrange.



(Miss Vera Davis) to enlist. Cinderella, likewise, joins up as an orderly, following Cook and Jane, who track their recreant sweet-hearts to an orchard in France. There, from behind a wall, they catch them making love to a "French hussy," Yvonne (Miss Blanche Leroy). The despairing cry of Bill Smith (Mr. Marshall Howlett) when discovered, "Aren't we safe from our wives even on the battlefield?" was received with shouts of laughter by the wounded Tommies. Merry also was the last scene, in the courtyard of the Endell Street Hospital, when Lady Fluffybore (Mrs. Grein) and Fanny Finch (Miss Dorothy Pither) visit the two Tommies, but cannot spare time from their gossip about the last raid to listen to the story of Bill's empty sleeve—delightful satire that! The music was arranged by Mr. de Groot, and performed by his orchestra. Miss Bessie Hatton was the Honorary Organiser, and among the Entertainment Committee were Miss Lilian Braithwaite, Miss Marie Dainton, Mme. Liza Lehmann, Mrs. G. P. Huntley, Lady Sybil Smith, Lady Maud Warrender,



THE KAISER'S BOOK OF WAR SPEECHES: THE GENERAL STAFF READING PROOFS—GENERAL AMUSEMENT.

"The work, in 3 large vols., is entitled 'Kaiser Wilhelm in War-time.' The proofs are being submitted to the General Staff and to the Foreign Office."—Exchange Telegraph Co.

Mrs. Ben Webster, and Miss Beatrice Harraden. Miss Harraden, by the way, is the librarian of the hospital (which is manned by women). Some of the scenes of



READING THE KAISER'S PROOFS: "ACH! WE BETTER GUT OUT ZIS BIT ABOUT ZE GONDEMDIPLE LITTLE ARMY."

her new novel, "Where the Treasure Is," are to be laid in this hospital.

### For the Prie-Dieu.

A number of people have been buying *objets d'art de devotion* for Christmas and New Year gifts, and at the Aumonier Studios, at 84, Charlotte Street, you find many beautiful things which express "the poetry of religion in sculpture," to use Mr. Aumonier's own phrase. Some of these "pieces" I have seen at the Hon. Mrs. Edwardes's house; both she and her daughter, Lady Edward Gleichen, are admirers of Mr. Aumonier's art, and at his studios there are gathered some of the most interesting people in town: duchesses, artists—everyone who is anyone, in fact.

### Autres Temps.

I spent a delightful morning in Kensington Gardens last year watching a group of children learning their lessons in the open air. They had the jolliest time. Our inclement winters proved too rough for the babies to keep up their open-air work during the winter, so an open-window school is resorted to. It is called the London Garden School, and, at an At Home given by the Misses Manville and Mrs. Nichols, Lady Barrett, M.D., M.S., spoke on "Open-Air Schools," and Miss B. de Norman on "New Ideals in Education."

### Long Hair for Luck.

Pretty Dorothy Minto tells me she has a good part in the new play which Charles Hawtrey is producing and which had a great success in America. The title, unless it is altered later, will be "Nothing but the Truth," and Dorothy Minto will show what a fascinating and entertaining person a chorus girl may be. Mabel of "Nothing but the Truth" will not have bobbed hair. Dorothy Minto is letting her locks grow, since the bobbing brought her nothing but ill-luck, she says.

### Melody and Milk.

Lady Maud Warrender is having a busy time with her charity for providing pure milk for poor babies and getting funds for the old Vic.

### "La Politesse."

Lady Forbes-

Robertson has also been rushing round town lately. The special *matinée* I spoke of is being organised by her with the aid of Mr. Matheson Lang, and there are to be tableaux, a new one-act play—"La Politesse," by Sir James Barrie, with Helen Morris in the only woman part—and several other interesting items. I saw Sir James talking to Helen Morris and Gerald du Maurier, who is producing, and probably acting in, the playlet, and he seemed very pleased about things. Miss Morris is to be a little Breton maid, very shy and sweet.

### Tea-totalers.

Perhaps the privations of the war will not be truly felt until we have to forego afternoon tea, one of our four meals; the "feeve o'clock" in Paris is an English imitation, and afternoon tea in America is a comparatively recent innovation due to English influence. No American business men or workers of any class stop work for afternoon tea, yet experiments are being made by Dr. Francis G. Benedict, Director of the Carnegie Nutrition Institute Laboratories in Boston, to determine how much Americans have been over-fed. He believes that a great reduction of from ten to twenty per cent. in food-consumption can safely be made without endangering the physical or mental efficiency of the people. To test his theory, he has selected twelve normal Americans from the Y.M.C.A. College, special apparatus for taking observations has been installed, and daily tests are made. Between half-past five and seven o'clock each morning respiratory observations are taken. The men will be fed on regular diet for a week, and then there will be a gradual reduction until the lowest necessary level is ascertained, complete physical tests and records being made. For comparison, a second "diet synod" will continue to eat as usual. Shadow photographs will be taken of the two groups, and precise measurements for three months. Sweets, pea-nuts, ice-creams, and other articles of food (supposed to be exclusively the desire of women) will be barred. Mr. Herbert Hoover, the Food Administrator, believes that the experiments will be of great value to the Government as well



UNCONTROLLED! "We're obliged to charge 15/- a bottle through scarcity."

as to the medical world, and will save millions of dollars. Why doesn't some scientist experiment upon us? Sir Arthur Yapp, by the way, might take a leaf from the American hotel cookery-book. At the Waldorf Astoria in New York they are definitely and frankly trying to specialise as far as possible in luxuries, and to avoid serving the foods needed by the poor. Indeed, they try to make the dinner all luxuries. Where bacon was used as a garnish (it is not the staple breakfast dish with Americans as it is with us), spaghetti is substituted. Fewer cream-soups, pastries, and ice-creams are served; and a "war-cake" has been concocted, with no milk, eggs, or butter. It improves with age, and is very popular. The recipe has been given to the Red Cross. They are still eating white flour bread and rolls (lucky people); but muffins, and corn, rye, gluten, and graham breads are in demand. One hotel has for some time been serving "war bread" made by drying and grinding the crusts of toast and mixing with ordinary flour. Baby lamb, baby turkey, squab, sucking-pig, and young duck are eliminated from menus; and game, poultry, sweetbreads, lobsters, oysters, and fish substituted. "Beefless Tuesday" saves 1400 pounds of roast beef and 1000 pounds of steak in the Waldorf Astoria alone; and the Society of Restaurateurs has requested its members to omit lamb and pork as well on Tuesdays. America has begun to "feel the war" much sooner than we did, for the measures taken there were more drastic in the beginning. Hotel wages have increased 100 p.c.



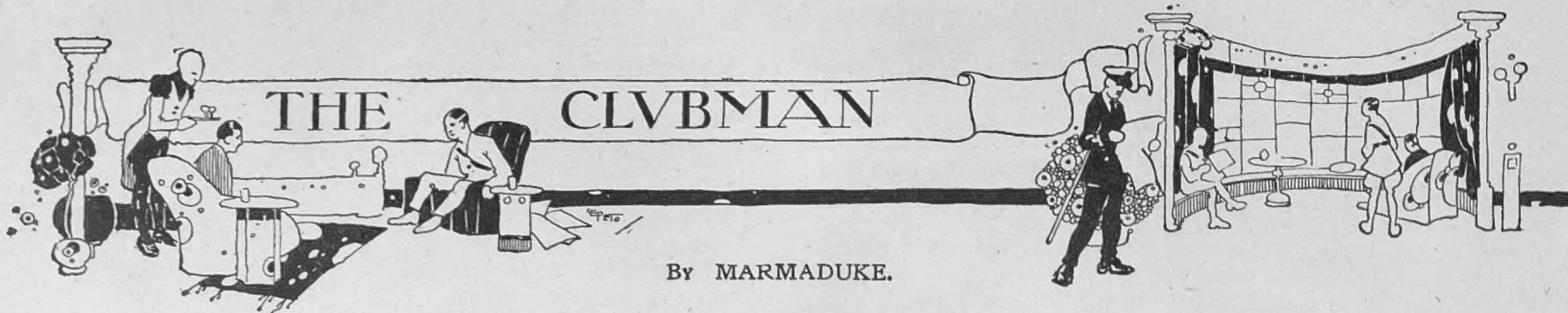
CONTROLLED! "We might put a few dozen in the window now, Mr. Brown."



A FAIR BOMB-THROWER, IN TROUSERS: QUALIFYING FOR THE IRON CROSS BY BOMBING THE KAISER.

At the Fair at Queen's Hall, in aid of Y.M.C.A. huts, there was a bomb-throwing range, with the Kaiser as target, and Iron Crosses for prizes. Photograph by L.N.A.





By MARMADUKE.

THAT "Germany will fight to the last man" the Kaiser has declared; there prevails the impression that the last man to fight will be—the Kaiser.

It has been said that "Every Irishman has a potato in the head." More correctly might it be assumed that in the head of every Englishman is a plum-pudding, which would account for the comic element in the crisis having escaped attention in England—the O'Kaiser posing as the would-be "deliverer" of Ireland; the MacKaiser professing "admiration for the sturdy Scot"; George-Washington-Kaiser assuring Free Institutions to Germany—"after the war"; and Don-Juan-Kaiser "philandering" with Spain! There is, besides, the "pantomime touch" in the grouping of prominent figures—the "Little Father," "All Highest," and "Commander-of-the-Faithful": it would scarcely astonish Christmas frequenters of Drury Lane did the grotesquely named trio execute a breakdown or entertain the world with a "stage" rough-and-tumble!

There is a certain bird called in Spain the "St. Martin's Bird," about the size of a wren, with slender, long legs like rushes. "It happened on a hot, sunny day, about Martinmas," according to the legend, "that the bird lay down to enjoy the sunshine, and, raising its legs upwards, said 'Ah, were the sky to fall now, I could hold it up with my legs!' At the very moment, however, a crow passed overhead—and the bird, flying away in terror, screamed out, 'Oh, St. Martin, St. Martin, come to help your little bird!'" When hurling Declarations of War to the winds some three years ago, the Kaiser resembled the bird in the confident mood; casting about to-day to conclude an ambiguous peace, he resembles it in the last!

A private letter addressed to an Allied Diplomatist here by a Neutral returned to Norway from Berlin is of especial interest; permission has been received to publish extracts. "... The whole of Germany knows (a) that the expected capture of Paris in six months at the most has not been effected in three years and a half; (b) that the repeated desperate attacks upon Verdun have failed, as has, too, every attempt to 'hack' through to Calais; (c) that millions of Germans have perished, and more been crippled or disabled, whilst the brilliant war in 1870 cost the country under a hundred thousand casualties; (d) that the Kaiser would not be proposing terms for peace were it possible to impose them. . . . But, Germany does not yet know that Fritz is not immeasurably more 'slim' than are the Allies, and particularly the 'dull' English! . . . The scarcity of remedies and medical and surgical necessities and appliances in Germany is appalling; the vast stores stocked are exhausted in many directions. . . . The Junkers blame the Government, Hindenburg,

Tirpitz—muttering, moreover, complaints of the Kaiser! But the 'Military Class' must lose all should defeat be admitted; Germany has therefore to fight until the 'Military Class' is powerless to compel her. . . . That the Junker is now increasingly employed on Home Service is significant."

The "retirement" of Sir John Jellicoe suggests the announcement published in the *True Briton* in September 1797: "Rear-Admiral Nelson, in consequence of the loss of his arm, is to retire from Active Service. He will be placed on the Superannuated List of Rear-Admirals, with an allowance of 17s. 6d. per day; besides receiving, it is supposed, a pension for past services." It was fortunate for England that the "retirement" was postponed.

Those who have read many "Memoirs" published early in the nineteenth century continually find resemblances now to conditions prevailing at the time and to occurrences mentioned. The remarkable cheerfulness of the British soldier at the front—which is surprising all—is a characteristic often referred to in "Reminiscences" of the period. A German, for instance, who had been through the Napoleonic wars wrote in 1827 of the "wonderful peculiarity"—"The French, however wretched their circumstances, are attached to life; whilst to the English it is often 'tiresome,' though in the midst of affluence and splendour! It is not necessary to 'drag' English criminals to the place of execution—whilst led to it they often laugh and sing!" Though the ground-work of the observation is correct, the author completes the description with the startling exaggeration that "Should the hangman not

happen to be present, so indifferent are British criminals that they not infrequently hang each other!"

It is to the credit—unfortunately—of a prominent man-of-the-world to have expressed a sentiment which would have been more appropriately uttered from the pulpit—then commanding, probably, more general attention. "Now that the enemy is

endeavouring by every means to inflict as much suffering as possible upon us, it is the duty of all to avoid causing pain to each other," is the remark in question. The committees of the more important West-End clubs have acted upon the principle almost since the beginning of the war, having discontinued as early as in 1915 to "post" the names of members failing to pay the annual subscription before Feb. 1. Many of the committees have now agreed to render the further service to the less

prosperous amongst their members of accepting the subscription in easy instalments until the termination of the war! The concession is the more generous as the number of resignations at most West End clubs has increased alarmingly this Christmas.



BRITISH MESSENGER-DOGS:  
A SNAPSHOT IN ITALY.  
Official Photograph.



GOING BACK FOR A REST AFTER HEAVY FIGHTING: TOMMIES ON MOTOR-BUSES  
ON THE WESTERN FRONT.—[Official Photograph.]



## GLADDENERS OF GLADYS : JOHN AND JOAN.



1. SON OF MISS GLADYS COOPER (MRS. H. J. BUCKMASTER) : MASTER JOHN BUCKMASTER.

2. DAUGHTER OF MISS GLADYS COOPER : MISS JOAN BUCKMASTER.

3. FACING THE CAMERA AS TO THE MANNER BORN : MASTER JOHN BUCKMASTER.

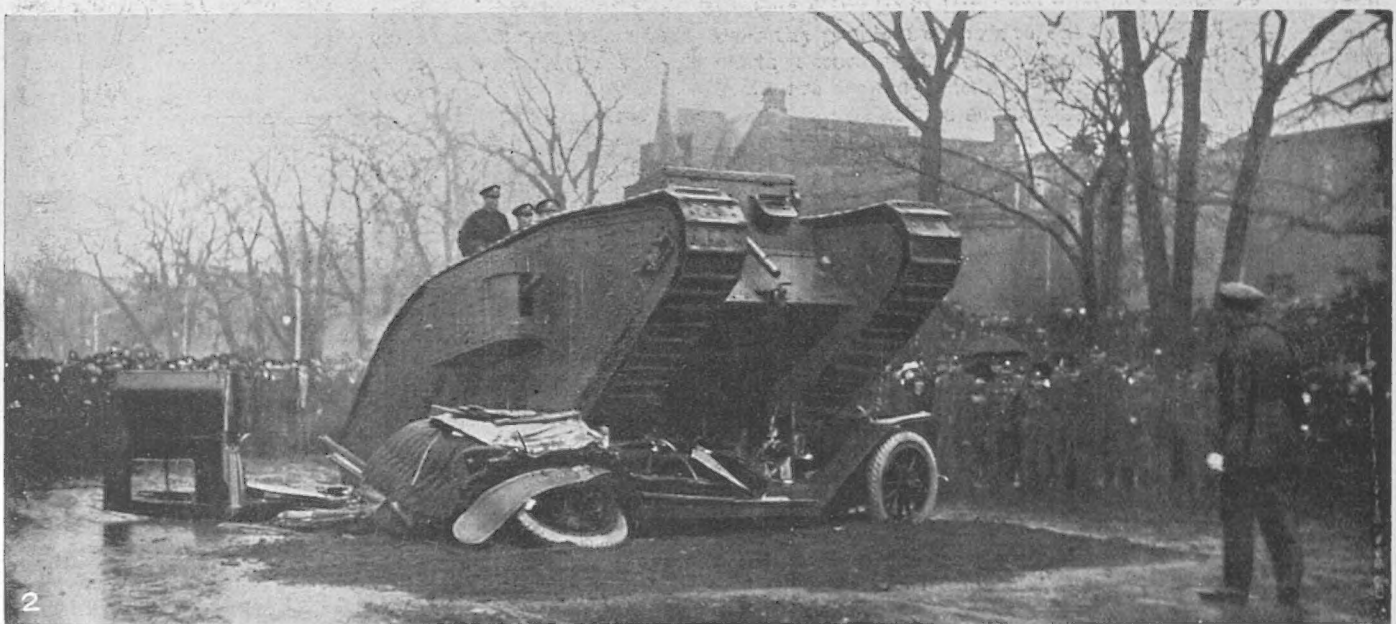
Master John and Miss Joan Buckmaster are the children of that well-known and popular actress, Miss Gladys Cooper, who is equally well known and popular in Society as the wife of Mr. H. J. Buckmaster. Not many months

ago she assumed, in addition to her maternal cares and professional duties, theatrical management, in association with Mr. Frank Curzon, at the Playhouse. At present she is still taking the chief part in "The Yellow Ticket."

Photographs by Rita Martin.



## A WAR LOAN TANK AT TORONTO: ON ITS DAY OUT.



1. ON THE DAY OF THE "VICTORY LOAN": THE TANK AS IT FIRST COLLIDED WITH THE LIMOUSINE.

2. *VE VICTIS*: THE FATE OF THE 1000-GUINEA LIMOUSINE BEFORE THE TANK COULD COME TO A STANDSTILL.

3. VICTOR AND VANQUISHED: THE FLATTENED-OUT REMAINS OF THE LIMOUSINE WHEN THE TANK BACKED OFF THE WRECKAGE.

A British Tank on War Loan raising, during its financial campaigning-tour in Canada, met with the adventure shown in the second and third illustrations. After the conclusion of the big "Victory Loan" parade in

Toronto, the Tank gave an exhibition of battlefield aggressiveness in an encounter with a 1000-guinea limousine motor-car. After two thrusts the Tank flattened out the hapless 1000-guinea vehicle under its wheels.

*Photographs supplied by Illustrations Bureau.*



## FROM STAGE TO ALTAR: A WEDDING OF TO-DAY.



"ROMANCE" IN REAL LIFE: MR. AND MRS. BASIL SYDNEY (MISS DORIS KEANE).

The theatrical world, and the many admirers of Miss Doris Keane in her fine impersonation of Rita Cavallini, in Mr. Sheldon's enthralling play, "Romance," which has filled the Duke of York's and the Lyric Theatres night after night since October 1915, have joined in congratulating the beautiful and clever representative of the famous singer in the play, and

her husband, Mr. Basil Sydney, on their marriage, on Jan. 3. Mr. Basil Sydney made a great success in Ibsen's "Ghosts," and is now appearing with his wife in "Romance." Their wedding is indeed a romance of the stage transformed into one of actuality, in which both bride and bridegroom have the good wishes of a host of friends.

Photographs by E. O. Hoppé.



# PHYNETTE'S LETTER FROM LONDON



## ECHOES OF A QUIET CHRISTMAS.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

(Author of "Phynette and London" and "Phynette Married.")

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1917, in London had several new characteristics. Firstly, it was cold, clear, and frosty, with a sharp east wind—our recent Noels have been noted for mugginess. I walked across "the" (Hyde) Park, and observed, as I started out from the Kensington end, that a play-boat was stuck fast in the glacial grip of the Round Pond. Also that there were many people about—in fact, as I approached the Marble Arch I almost imagined

it was an ordinary Church Parade day. The great number of war-workers were absent—whether they were taking a well-earned rest by their fires, or had availed themselves of the Government permission to travel and breathe holiday air for four days, I do not know. The streets were almost empty of wheeled traffic: a few motor-buses, and here

and there a gas-bag car or a motor-bicycle broke the silence: the Tubes, I suppose, transported a certain number of invisible *voyageurs*—but the stillness of London was surprising.

There was no sugar on the mince-pies this year, no raisins, almonds, or oranges (fivepence each, my dears!), and I missed the Christmas cake at tea-time, with its familiar almond-icing, sugar-coated, and pink-

"As cloth is very expensive, we use fur wherever possible."

and-white frill. Holly and mistletoe were in the sparsest form of decoration—for its import into London has been strictly limited. I wonder whether Christmas 1918 will show a further curtailment of our customary usages—or shall we have won the war by then? I do hope so.

Christmas Eve was celebrated in a fitting manner by the members of the Lyceum Club who happened to be in town. The hospitable ladies invited a number of Overseas officers—Canadians, South Africans, and Americans—to dinner and an entertainment. I believe a great many people do this sort of thing nowadays, and it is greatly appreciated by visitors in khaki, who would otherwise be left stranded over the holidays in clubs or hotels. Amongst the hostesses I noticed Lady Willoughby Williams, Mrs. Parker (sister to Lord Kitchener), Cynthia Stockley (the brilliant South African authoress), Mrs. Leo Myers (chaperoning a pretty daughter), and several young friends—Miss Kathleen Beale and others.

Here is an amusing true tale for you.

Mimi had been trying in vain to get rid of a small brother all the afternoon. Alberto had been there an hour or more, and still the small brother remained adamant to all hints that he should remove himself. The unhappy couple settled down to sighs and meaning looks, but were rationed on these as guests came in for tea. Mimi crept nearer Alberto when the room grew dark, and, when lights were suggested, said, "Candles, please—the three in the mirror candelabra." "But three is unlucky," the artist declared. "No, not unlucky," piped the small brother; "Mimi says three is not company." During the blush that followed, the electric light was turned

on—and, tragedy of tragedies—Alberto's scarf-pin was shining in the curl Canadians call the beau-catcher.

José Collins, who has been playing in "The Southern Maid" at Manchester, and will show us herself as the Southern Maid at Daly's later, tells me she has some beautiful frocks. One is all black, with José looking very Spanish in it—black hair, pale, passionate face, and pomegranate lips. Another frock is white with an orange sash, and a basket of oranges and lemons is carried by José.

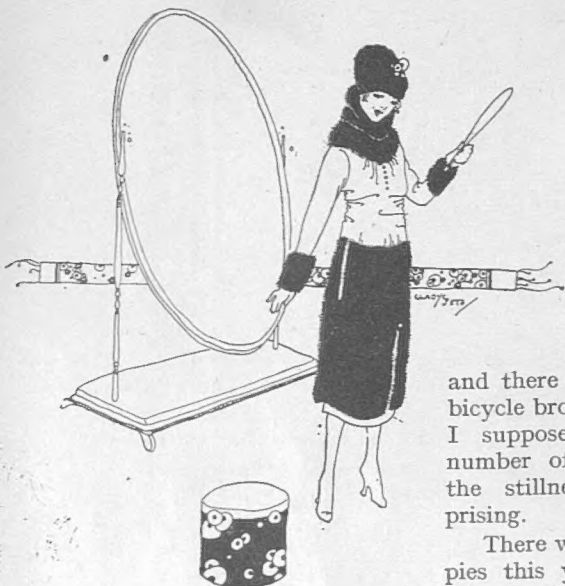
Our *élégantes* in Paris are puzzling over the problem of how to cut their skirts according to cloth economy. They are wearing them shorter than you do here, but also narrower, which may come to the same as regards quantity. As a little *chic* friend of mine writes me, "*As cloth is very expensive, we use fur whenever possible.*" It must be a great saving—what! But what will happen when there aren't enough *rabbits* to go round?

Of course, Gaby Deslys, who is at present gracing the Casino de Paris, is quite safe. She can always cut the rare rugs of chinchilla and ermine which serve as carpet in her sumptuous bedroom.

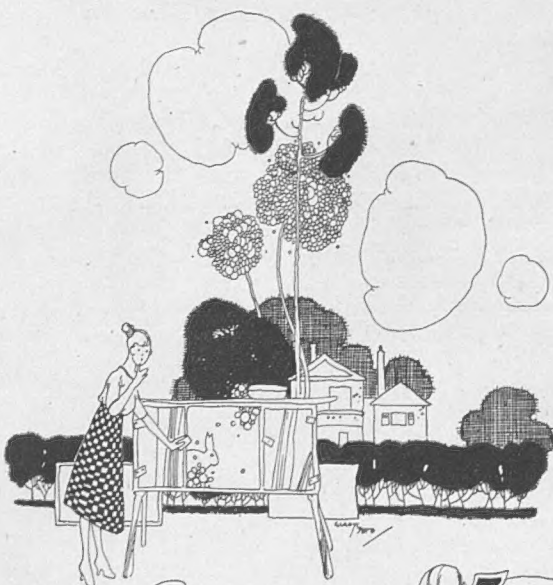
And Régine Flory has solved the "stuff" question by her Paradise dress. (N.B.—Feathers—not Garden of Eden.) We can't all afford to be in Paradise, but goose-quills would do at a pinch! It might be wise to save all the feathers from the Christmas fowls—they come in handy for cushions, if not for skirts.

Talking of leading ladies of the French stage, I can reassure the many admirers of Eve Lavallière who were wondering as to the temporary retirement of the clever artist. Mlle. Lavallière has *not* entered a convent, as romantic gossips did assert. Nor has she lost her sight, as other well-informed *bavards* would have had us believe. She just wanted a little peace, I suppose, from the turmoil of Tout Paris.

Sir Auckland Geddes wants us to wear old clothes. Well, there are many people who would like to and are not allowed to. Who? Why, officers invalided out of the Services. I know one just invalided out of the R.N.A.S.; all the mufti he had was outgrown, so, as funds are low, he is wearing his old blue uniform with bone buttons and a bowler. Now, could not permission be given to those who have to quit Service to wear their uniform for one year, with, say, a silver "I" for "invalid" on the left sleeve? I have just seen a sub. of the "Bairnsfather" regiment; he was wearing a starched turned-down khaki collar, also a new overcoat which he informed me was the "official unofficial" overcoat. It had a "Hun" collar (actually copied from the uniforms of our foes) which fitted very snugly round the neck, and must, I am sure, take less cloth than the old pattern.



"The pond."



"... Rabbits ..."



The "Gaiety" of the nation was nearly eclipsed during the last air raid. Miss Moya Mannering and Miss Audrey Bentham, two careless and carless Beauty Spots, were placidly proceeding to rehearsal in a motor-bus, when they were hauled out by an over-zealous special and thrust into the Tube. At Holborn they tried to escape and dive into the tram for the theatre, for they believe in everyone keeping their appointments, raid or no. A lift-girl sternly barred the way; so, as they barred standing, they travelled for three hours up and down the Tube on a penny ticket, and—luckily—on seats. They compute they owe the company about five shillings, but are not exactly offering to pay up. People in the car were fairly cheery—most optimistic was a clay-caked Tommy. They sympathised with him for so spending three hours out of his precious 336; but he replied, with true gallantry, that, though he had rather it had happened at the other end of the fortnight, he did not mind stopping in the Tube all night in such fair company.

Finding myself near Euston with an Overseas friend on Boxing morning, I suggested we should glimpse at Hampstead. Accordingly, by "Adam and Eve" and "The Orange Tree" (which, the authorities of the East say, should have been not apple, but mangosteen as forbidden fruit), we took the Tube, and alighted in the old Hampstead High Street. At the fire-station I inquired for Dr. Johnson's house; the fireman, wishing to be helpful, summoned the oldest inhabitant, who happened to be passing, but even his memory did not carry back so far. Have you ever noticed that, when you demand *renseignements* in a strange place, the people you ask it of are always either strangers themselves or ignorant of their local history? *Resumons*. Dr. Johnson used to play bowls in his garden there, and often strolled across to Joanna Baillie's house near by. I mounted Holly Bush steps, at whose base I noted a donkey, decorated with mistletoe, delivering milk. I caught a glimpse of Golden Yard, its quaint Georgian houses bathed in frosty sunlight. Then down by old alleys, and across Flask Walk, where, in the long-ago days of drinking the iron waters, rank and fashion filled up their bottles; and along the famous Well Walk, where the Assembly Rooms and drinking springs had their location—*tempo* Queen Anne. The houses here are perfect examples of architecture—46, Well Walk is a gem; and Burgh House, cloistered behind high iron gates, is another. Du Maurier lived in Church Row, and was buried in the Parish Church; and Sir Robert Peel also had a house in the district. Walking on and upwards, you cross by the Pond—frozen now, and displaying a forbidding notice of danger and "Penalty £5"; one disconsolate white swan sulked in a corner. Immediately below the Pond, a sheltered little valley of the Heath is (war innovation!) broken up

into allotments, and the holders were busy on Mother Earth's unyielding bosom. Some boys were enjoying football near by; and a long file of infantry passed along the Spaniards Road, with full marching kit and ambulances. Allotments again have encroached around The Elms, that country house—long, low, and red—planned and lived in by Sir Joseph Duveen. He liked to think he was out of London, and had a

couple of meadows attached to his garden where-on a cow or two pastured. The great connoisseur used to say that each cow cost him £100 a year, land at Hampstead Heath not being exactly cheap. On a clear and peerless day the view at Heath End is superb—you see all the plains and

spires and monuments of London. The Spaniards Inn, green and white, many-cornered, greets you next; and Jack Straw's Castle, where the Highwaymen hatched plots. Below, in the open meadows leading to Finchley, is an ultra-modern little tin bungalow, whose owner has apparently "squatted" on the land and is running an intensive poultry-farm. Onward by Hampstead Lane, a delightful thoroughfare, flanked by trees bare in the brisk air; past Caen Wood, now the American Hospital for English soldiers (*vide* notice); and so into the curve of High Street, Highgate—surely

the longest hill in London! I passed The Old Angel inn. I did not know that angels had age any more than sex—one always goes by pictures, and they are represented invariably in their youthful prime. But perhaps the name refers to the age of the inn.

Some way down the hill are a number of remarkably fine Georgian houses, tall and red and creeper-clad; facing them is a long wall, and let into it a tablet stating that Andrew Marvell, who was a colleague of John Milton's, lived in a cottage whose step is now four feet below the pavement, and that he was buried at St. Giles-in-the-Fields.

Further on yet, where the High Street is no longer old and interesting, is a railed-off stone, with a lamp above it, inscribed to Sir Richard Whittington, 1821. Here, then, is where tired Dick, with his bundle and his cat, heard encouragement from the bells of London Town. . . . My Overseas friend thanked me, and we took Tube once again, after an interesting morning.

Apropos of my beauty-spot story a week or two ago, a reader writes me: "But I don't see the point of the story, Phrynette. Where was the beauty spot?"

Either you are pulling my leg, reader dear, or else you are really too innocent for this world and weekly papers! Since you *must* be told, then, the beauty spot was brushed off, literally brushed off, and it probably would have been found that evening stuck on the Guardsman's brush-moustache, until it got drowned in his champagne-cup! Satisfied now?





## SMALL TALK



WHAT impels so live a man as Lord Rothermere to take the British Museum as his headquarters? The funny men are busy suggesting that he intends to retain the mummies, as less expensive than and just as vital as many of the present subordinates in the Air Ministry. It would seem a little imprudent, however, to have all this advertisement as to the intentions of the Air Ministry. The great building in Bloomsbury is well enough known to the Germans, and to tell them that it is being used for official purposes seems to be simply inviting trouble. Why is it, too, that France gets on with far less space for its officials than is found possible in this country? There are no huts in the Champs Elysées or the Bois.



AN INTERESTING WEDDING: LIEUT.-COMMANDER CODRINGTON—THE HON. MARY FRASER.

The marriage took place, on Jan. 2, at the Church of St. James, Spanish Place, of Lieutenant-Commander Codrington, R.N., son of the late Rear-Admiral William Codrington, C.B., and the Hon. Mrs. Codrington, and the Hon. Mary Fraser, daughter of Lord and Lady Saltoun. Lord Saltoun gave his daughter away, and Mr. H. W. Codrington was best man. The Right Rev. Joseph Butt, Bishop of Cambrayopolis, performed the ceremony, and the bridesmaids were Miss Constance Acland, the Hon. Edith Smith, Miss Philae Maxwell, and Miss Gladys Kock de Gooreynd.

Photograph by G.P.O.

may thus easily happen that inspection at a particular time may reveal a state of the larder which might easily appear shocking to classes which buy from day to day.

#### Our Ambassadors.

There would seem to be wide unrest in the Ambassadorial world. Sir G. Buchanan is coming back from Petrograd, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice is leaving Washington, and gossip has been revived by the presence of Mr. Chamberlain in Paris as to a change in the Embassy there. Whatever our future relations with the Bolsheviks, it is pretty certain that Sir George Buchanan will not return to Russia;

he is of the old régime, and, though he did most excellent work under great difficulties, he will hardly be inclined to press for another mission in that disturbed capital. Of all our Ambassadors he has had the most unpleasant time.

#### The Benighted Letter.

Mr. Galsworthy has doubly scored—he has had the glory of being offered a knighthood and the glory of having refused it. Sydney Smith, who thought it the height of social success to be really rich but reckoned poor, and to be asked everywhere but to go nowhere, would have sent the Knight who would not be a Knight his facetious felicitations. Great pains are usually taken to prevent the publication of such refusals; but in this case the belated posts of the New Year were to blame. Mr. Galsworthy's letter of refusal came just too late for the cancelling of his name on the list already issued to the Press. The late Sir John Henniker Heaton had a similar experience. He was abroad, and had missed his posts, when he read his name on a list of Knights, and at once cabled his refusal, though later he accepted a Baronetcy. Mr. Galsworthy happens to think that this is not a fit time for the recognition of any service but war-service; and a great many people say that he is right.

#### Poultry and Practicality.

Lady Denman is only just recovering from an attack of typhoid, so it will, I fancy, be some time before she is equal to the task of taking up the duties entailed as Director of the Women's Institutes Branch of the Food Production Department. A practical woman of affairs, like her mother, Lady Cowdray, she has considerable powers of organisation. Poultry-keeping is one of her pet hobbies. Her scheme for popularising the domestic hen never "came off," but Lady Denman was instrumental in providing more than one auxiliary hospital with hens, which were, if I remember rightly, to be reared on the intensive system.



ENGAGED: SEC.-LIEUT. REGINALD BIRKETT—MISS ETHEL J. RUDD.

Miss Ethel Rudd is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Rudd, of Queen's Road, Teddington. Her engagement to Second-Lieutenant Reginald Birkett, Reserve Labour Company—late of the Royal Fusiliers (Public Schools)—son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Birkett, of Clyde Road, West Didsbury, Manchester, has been announced.

Photograph of Sec.-Lieut. Birkett by Heath.



ENGAGED: MISS IRIS MORRISON.

Miss Morrison is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Morrison, of Parkwater, Reigate, Surrey. Her engagement to Lieutenant Harley Gerald Vesey, Queen's Regiment, of Ranchi, India, has just been announced.—Miss Nora Gething is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Gething, of Siddington Hall, Cirencester. Her engagement to Lieutenant Albert E. Arkell, Remount Service, son of the late Mr. John Arkell, of Auckland, New Zealand, has been announced.—[Photograph of Miss Gething by Swaine.]



ENGAGED: MISS NORA BAGNALL GETHING.



AN INTERESTING WEDDING: MR. NEVILLE FLOWER—THE HON. MRS. MYLES PONSONBY.

The wedding of the Hon. Mrs. Myles Ponsonby and Mr. Neville Flower took place at St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square, on Tuesday. The bride was the widow of Major the Hon. Cyril Myles Brabazon Ponsonby, son of the Earl and Countess of Bessborough. The best man was Major Horace Flower, D.S.O., M.C., brother of the bridegroom.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



## THE BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER OF A WELL-KNOWN BARONET.



WITH MANY RELATIVES IN THE BRITISH ARMY: MISS TORFRIDA ALIANORE LETHBRIDGE.

Miss Torfrida Alianore Lethbridge is the elder daughter of Sir Wroth Periani Christopher Lethbridge, Captain and Adjutant in the Grenadiers. He served in the War, 1914-16. Of her four uncles, the eldest, Lieutenant-Colonel E. A. E. Lethbridge, C.M.G., D.S.O., won his D.S.O. in the South African War, and in the present war has been twice mentioned in despatches

and created C.M.G. The second, Lieutenant Hugh Lethbridge, served with the Somerset L.I., and in the Natal Mounted Police, Matabele Campaign, and South African War. The third, Mr. John Acland Lethbridge, served with the Imperial Yeomanry in South Africa, and the fourth, Mr. Alan Lethbridge, is an authority on Russian affairs.

*Photograph by Val l'Estrange*





## CROWNS · CORONETS · COVRTIERS



**L**ORD and Lady Granard have taken a new town-house in—Dublin. This may well be regarded as the beginning of a revival of the old times and customs when the Irish capital had its smart quarters and its gay season. Ely House is a lovely old Georgian house, owned by the Marquess of Ely in the eighteenth century, so it still bears its former owner's name—just as, in London, Marlborough House is still the label of even a royal residence long after it has passed out of the possession of the Churchills. All the same, there are precedents the other way, and the Granards may yet mark the beginning of a brilliant new era for Ely House by a change of designation. They could not have begun their entertainments better than by their evening party to meet the members of the Convention. And the guests seemed to be mostly prophets, for everywhere one heard the prognostic: "Some day Lord Granard will be our Lord-Lieutenant."

"Here are Ladies."

"Ruskin, thou should'st be living at this hour." And why? Because he would have delighted in the Duchess of Marlborough's latest devices for the increase of her child's - welfare work. "Oh, ye women of England, from the Princess of Wales to the simplest of you, do not think your own children can be brought into their true fold of rest while these [the children of the poor] are scattered on the hills as sheep having no shepherd." And in another passage Ruskin speaks of the wonder he feels when he sees women



WIFE OF A NEW BARONET: LADY SMITH.

Lady Smith is the wife of the Attorney-General, the Right Hon. Sir Frederick E. Smith, P.C., K.C., M.P. for the Walton Division of Liverpool, and before her marriage was Miss Margaret Eleanor Furneaux.

Photograph by Swaine.

go out into their gardens to tend flowers, "lifting up their heads when they are drooping," and yet be unaware of the agony of men in war. But those are not the women of to-day. The world has its new woman; and, great lover of precious stones as Ruskin was, he would have gloried in the sacrifice of ornaments made for child's welfare by the Duchess of Marlborough and her many friends. She herself has given a collar with fifteen rows of pearls; another Duchess (Norfolk) has opened and emptied some of her cases; Lady Essex has given her diamond tiara; and the Hon. Lady Ward a rope of pearls twisted into an ornament for the hair.

The Plucked  
White Rose.

Louisa Augusta, Lady Maidstone, has closed a widowhood of now nearly forty years by becoming the wife of Colonel Francis Ashburner. Her first husband was the eldest son of the eleventh Earl of Winchelsea—a clever and rather cantankerous composer of smart society verses with whom Edmund Yates had a historic quarrel. Her father, Sir George Jenkinson, sat in Parliament for a Gloucestershire Division, his naïf claim being that he had more plate on his sideboard than had any other gentleman in the county. The fortunes of her husband were, for the moment, more obscure; but these she had managed in part to retrieve by the time of his early death. The widowed



WIFE OF A NEW PRIVY COUNCILLOR: THE HON. LADY NORMAN.

The Hon. Lady Norman is the second wife of Major the Right Hon. Sir Henry Norman, M.P., the well-known author and traveller, who has been made a Privy Councillor. Lady Norman was, before her marriage, the Hon. Florence Priscilla McLaren, C.B.E., daughter of the first Baron Aberconway. With her husband she established a British Hospital at Wimereux.

Photograph by Bassano.



DAUGHTERS OF A WELL-KNOWN OFFICER: THE MISSES NORTHEY.

Major-General Edward Northey, C.B., A.D.C., the distinguished officer who has a notable record of service in the European War, is the father of the charming young daughters seen in our photograph. He married, in 1897, Miss Evangeline Cloete, daughter of the late Mr. Daniel Cloete, of Wynberg, Cape Town.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

Lady Maidstone had many attached friends. Her interests were also many and varied. Whistler gave his famous "Ten o'Clock" in her drawing-room in Mayfair. She herself took a part in Greek plays. As time passed on, she wore her white hair very becomingly; and she wore, politically, "the White Rose." That is to say, she belonged to the Stuart enthusiasts who saw in the children of the Crown Prince of Bavaria the heirs to the English crown—a cult which one imagines must have utterly collapsed under the pressure of recent events.

*At Norfolk House.* The ladies from Overseas (who want someone to make a sober protest against their being called the *overseas ladies*) find themselves so much at home at Norfolk House that one begins to wonder how it ever served any purpose other than that of their club. Distant as dismal now seem the days of the late Duke's loneliness, when, year in and year out, it was almost deserted; and when, even if he was in residence, he slipped across to the Carlton Club for his chop, to save his own kitchen. That old silence is now replaced by the pleasant hum of feminine voices he would have loved to hear. The Howards bought and rebuilt the house in the middle of the eighteenth century, and many of the existing fittings and much of the furniture are proper to that date, and are wrongly described as "magnificent." There is still extant a letter addressed early in the eighteenth century to the Lord Wentworth of the day and his sister by their mother about the earlier structure: "My dearest and best of children, I have been to see a very good house in St. James's Square. It has three large rooms forwards and two little ones backways, closetts and chimney-pieces and harths to all the best rooms, and iron backs to the chimneys. Thear will little want to be dun to it. It was my Lord Sunderland's, it was to little for them. They sold it to a merchant whoe sent his foolish neapew who could not tell me the prise." A little crumb of continuity between those old owners and the new might be found in the late Duke of Norfolk's own fame as an amateur in that special feature of furnishing to which the letter-writer gives an unexpected insistence. At Arundel he was a magnate of mantelpieces.

No "But."

Lieutenant-Commander Codrington, to whom Lord Saltoun gave away his daughter the other day in St. James's, Spanish Place, is a grandson of the late Viscountess Hambleden, by her first husband, and not by her second, Mr. W. H. Smith. All the same, there was a sufficient variety in the creed-register of the company who came together to bless the bridegroom and the bride. And the Admirals who had known the happy man's father beamed without religious bias, whether it was Catholic Lord Walter Kerr or non-Catholic Sir Berkeley Milne. The only *but* in anyone's mind was Bishop Butt.



WIFE OF A NEW K.T.: LADY EMILY LUTYENS.

Lady Emily Lutyens is the wife of Sir Edwin L. Lutyens, A.R.A., F.S.A., F.R.I.B.A., the eminent architect and artist. Before her marriage she was the Lady Emily Lytton, daughter of the first Earl of Lytton.

Photograph by Swaine.

WAR WORK AND NEW YEAR HONOURS: THE SPINDLE SIDE.



WIFE OF A NEW K.C.B.: THE COUNTESS OF CAVAN.



PROVIDER OF A MOTOR AMBULANCE: MRS. HARVEY DU CROS.



NURSING AT A HOSPITAL: LADY CLARE FEILDING.



WIFE OF A NEW K.C.B.: LADY MILNE AND HER CHILDREN.

The Countess of Cavan, whose husband's name appeared among the New Year K.C.B.s, was married in 1893. The Earl is a Lieutenant-General, of Brigade of Guards fame, and has won great distinction in the war.—Mrs. Harvey Du Cros, wife of the former M.P. for Hastings, has equipped a volunteer motor-ambulance section for war service.—

Lady Clare Feilding, a daughter of the Earl of Denbigh, has done good work as a nurse in the hospital at Newnham Paddox, her father's Warwickshire seat.—Lady Milne is the wife of Lieutenant-General Sir G. F. Milne (a new K.C.B.), commanding at Salonika, and is an energetic war worker.—[Photographs by Barnett, Seaine, and Elliott and Fry.]



# The Men "Up Yonder."

## Two Letters from the R.F.C.

BY the same post two letters have been received from officers in the R.F.C.—letters which will possess special interest for readers of THE SKETCH who are desirous of knowing "what there is in Pelmanism."

These two letters answer that question as far as the R.F.C. is concerned, and other letters are appended which give the various points of view of other branches (and ranks) of the Service.

The writer of the first letter says: "It has been of use to me in increasing my efficiency in the particular work we carry on as officers in the R.F.C. It has also enabled me to partially or wholly forget minor ailments and worries, *especially to conquer that form of nerves known as 'wind up.'*"

The second officer, in the course of a most interesting letter to the Pelman Institute, says: "I found the lessons and advice very helpful and beneficial. . . . It may interest you to know that in case I should have the misfortune to be captured I carried in my pocket the whole Course, and had them with me in nearly every flight of the 150 hours and 23 air fights of my merry 4 months' flying experience." (This gallant officer has been awarded the M.C.)

A General also writes by the same post as the two preceding correspondents. He remarks:

"I take the Pelman Course very seriously, as all soldiers who have made their profession a serious study must do. I am very deeply interested in the Course, and have been so from the very commencement. . . . There is no doubt I have benefited considerably by it. . . . The extreme value of Lesson Eight I appreciate so much that I am asking if I may be permitted to teach my two young boys (now in course of training) such things as Catenation, the figure alphabet, etc. I am certain that had I known the use of any of these aids when I was a schoolboy, I could have passed any examination I went in for, with far less strain and better results."

If there is a reader of THE SKETCH who has not yet received a copy of *Mind and Memory*, in which the principles of Pelmanism are explained at length, and in which a full synopsis of the Course is given, he should write for this *brochure* to-day. It will be sent *gratis and post free*, together with a full reprint of *Truth's* outspoken report on the work of the Pelman Institute, upon application to the address given at the foot of this page.

### A Distinguished General's Verdict.

One of the most emphatic endorsements that the Pelman Course has ever received comes from a distinguished General with the B.E.F. He says:—

"The value of the Pelman Course can hardly be exaggerated. I agree it should be nationalized."

Following upon the remarkable letters recently published in which Colonels, Majors, and Captains (both Army and Navy) have attributed their promotion, and, in some cases, their distinctions, to Pelmanism, the General's pronouncement is of special significance.

For the benefit of those readers of *The Sketch* who have not already seen the letters referred to, they are reprinted here.

### "The Unsoldierlike Sub."

The first is from a Captain with the B.E.F. We give his letter in its entirety:—

"I should like to call your attention to the facts of the story of my Pelman Course.

"When I began I was looked upon with disfavour by the C.O. of my battalion at home as being a sleepy, forgetful, and unsoldierlike sub. When I began your Course, my star began to

rise—I had the ability, but had not been able to use it. I left the home battalion with my C.O.'s recommendation as being the best officer he had had for more than a year, and came to France.

"I was then appointed as a second lieutenant to command a company over the heads of four men with two 'pips,' and have now three stars and an M.C.

"That I was able to make use of my abilities so successfully I attribute entirely to the Pelman System."

That his is not by any means an isolated case is shown by the next letter, which is remarkable for its brevity. It is also from a Captain, who, in response to the question, "What have you gained from Pelmanism?" replied:—

### "Three Stars—A Military Cross—and A Clearer Head."

Another officer suggests that the announcements made by the Pelman Institute err on the side of modesty. He writes:—

"One great point in favour of your system which, if I may say so, you do not make enough of in your advertisements, is the cumulative benefits accruing.

"As far as I can see, once having got on the right track, and rigidly following the system, there should be no limit to the ultimate mental capacity attained."

Each letter supplies its own adequate comment. Take the epistle of a Lieutenant-Colonel, who, writing from Salonika, says:—

### "As a direct consequence of Lesson Two I have got a step in rank."

Similarly a Major attributes his promotion and his D.S.O. to Pelmanism; the Captain of a fine cruiser thanks Pelmanism for his command, having been promoted by selection over the heads of senior officers!

There is, in fact, a bewildering mass of direct personal testimony to the value of the Course from every rank and from every unit of the British Army and Navy.

It is not always promotion that is the object of those who take up the Pelman Course. Here is a letter which presents another phase:—

"The Course has prevented me becoming slack and stagnating during my Army life—this is a most virulent danger, I may add. It inculcates a clear, thorough, courageous method of playing the game of Life—admirably suited to the English temperament, and should prove moral salvation to many a business man. 'Success,' too, would follow—but I consider this as secondary."

### Easily Followed by Post.

To the uninitiated it may well appear impossible that such remarkable results can be attained in a short time as a consequence of half-an-hour a day for a few weeks spent in studying lessons. Yet it is the bare truth, and it should help readers to realise what a tremendous force for personal betterment "Pelmanism" is.

As a reader of the Course recently wrote:—"If people only knew, the doors of the Pelman Institute would be literally besieged by eager applicants."

Following the intensely interesting lessons and exercises the students of Pelmanism rapidly develop a brilliant Memory, strong Will Power, complete power of Concentration, quick Decision, sound Judgment, an ability to Reason clearly, to Converse attractively, to Organise and Manage, and to conduct their work and social duties with Tact, Courage, Self-Confidence, and Success. All mental weaknesses and Defects are, on the other hand, eliminated—such as Mind-Wandering, Forgetfulness, Weak Will, Aimlessness, Bashfulness, Self-Consciousness, the "Worry Habit," etc.

### Over 250,000 Men and Women.

The Pelman Course has already been followed by over 250,000 men and women. It is directed through the post and is simple to follow. It takes up very little time. It involves no hard study. It can be practised anywhere—in the trenches, in the office, in the train, in spare minutes during the day. And yet, in quite a short time, it has the effect of developing the mind, just as physical exercise develops the muscles, of increasing your personal efficiency, and thus doubling your all-round capacity and income-earning power.

A full description of the Pelman Course is given in *Mind and Memory*, a free copy of which (together with *Truth's* special supplement on "Pelmanism") will be sent post free to all readers of *The Sketch* who send a postcard to the Pelman Institute, 41, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

Overseas Addresses: 46, Market Street, Melbourne; 15, Toronto Street, Toronto; Club Arcade, Durban.

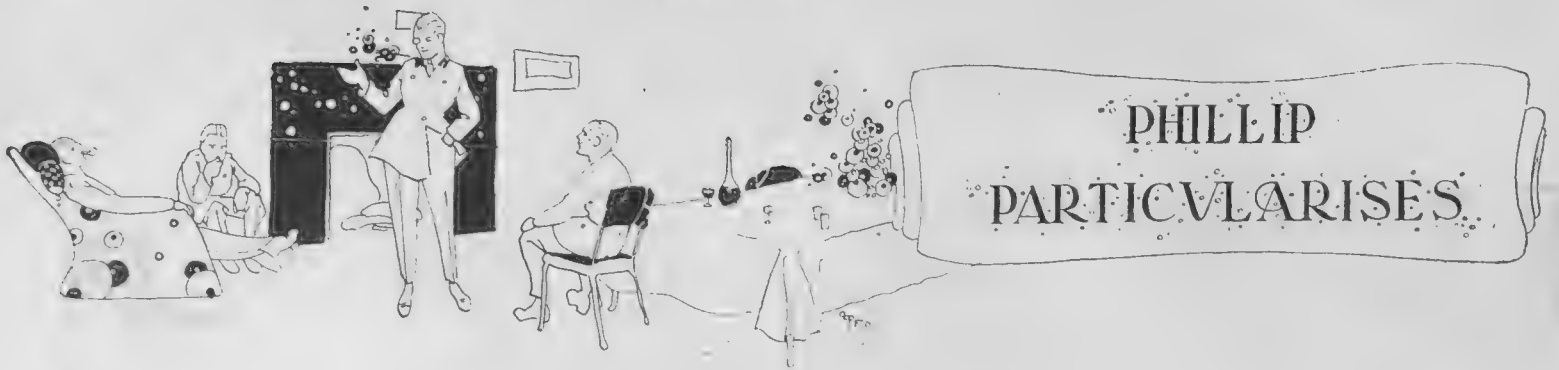
IN THE RING.



THE WHITE HOPE: I wonder if he'd like to toss for it instead of fighting!

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.





## BARONING AND HOW TO.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

"BIBIANA WOOLWICH has sent for me again," said Phillip. "She had me along to a Rhondda and toast yesterday afternoon. She had many important things to say to me, and rather an amount of clotted advice to ask. Quite like Bibiana's attitude towards advice. She always asks one's advice, on the firm feminine principle of never taking it. But she knows this quite well, and so saves time by asking counsel only from people who are thoroughly untrustworthy."

"It is so satisfying," she declares, "to know that I have to do exactly as you don't tell me to be right every time." It touches me to have gained such confidence; also I like four-thirty-o'clocking with Bibiana—she never chooses cakes that clash with her complexion."

"Bibiana was very anxious to be misinformed. As she expected, Woolwich was one of the surprise names in the Honours List, and Bibiana wanted to know how one did a Barony, and how one wore one's hair to it."

"About the matter itself, I must say Bibiana was not too pleased. She felt that a Viscounty would have been more suitable for the style of furs she wears best. However, as she very truly said, 'Choosers cannot be beggars,' and she must put up with the errors of her husband."

"It appears that Woolwich had been rather driven at the moment when the list was sent along, and, remembering his usual difficulties when faced with anything *à la carte*, he had murmured absently, 'I'll take No. 6.' Having committed himself, he felt that it would be a little above his dignity to ask for another."

"And I had set my heart on being a Discount," said Bibiana ruefully. "It would have been so homely."

"She then explained to me that she was greatly troubled about the name of the thing. They had handed over the goods in the raw, so to speak, and the point they had to worry out now was what to call it. This may seem a very simple matter, but it is most onerous. Naming a new and leggy Barony is fraught with the most deadly peril. One must get a name that speaks, and yet will not make the public ask for it at the grocer's as a new brand of butter-substitute. The name must be appropriate, and suggest the man who is to carry it on his under-linen for the rest of his life."

"It is a terrible decision to make really," I explained to Bibiana. When General Evaristus Xave was promoted from the comparatively humble rank of a Knight of the Order of the Travelling Minute (with tapes) to an Earldom, he spent an agonising time looking up back numbers of *Ruff's Guide* in his search for a suitable and scintillating title. In the end one dawned upon him suddenly. He told me the story himself, with tears in his eyes. It came to him in the street, he said, and at the first impact he knew that it was the one and only name. He immediately made out and sent off the necessary Earl Card, and felt a prime minister of men. Imagine the little white thoughts that crackled through his mind when he

discovered why the name had occurred to him. It was also occurring to every hoarding in England. It was the name of one of those highly advertised egg-powders. It was only after the most strenuous behaviour that he effected a change. Meanwhile, he had spent nights of horror dreaming of his heir—Lord Incubator of Egham."

"Bibiana sighed sympathetically. She quite appreciated all the truths with which I was depressing her. She said that she wished Woolwich was in the Army, because then the choice was comparatively painless. One simply called oneself Lord Tab of Triplicate, or the Earl of Cough-Drop Bois, or even Viscount Cash à Coxes, and there it was. It was all very well to tell her to name herself after her ancestral home, but how did I think 'Lady Chez-Nous' would sound at a levée?"

"On the whole, other people didn't help much, she reflected. Woolwich, of course, couldn't start having ideas at his age—besides, that was so dangerous for statecraft; and he had told her that he never knew he had so many secret enemies before, and from that she gathered he had been asking his friends at the club to make happy

suggestions. Bibiana then wanted to know the full details of Baroning. She had looked it up in the works of Marie Corelli, but the hints given were inconclusive. There appeared to be no very satisfactory 'First Aids to the Purple,' or 'Things a Young Peer Ought to Know.' Did one wear less or more, she demanded; and to whom could one be rude?"

"My dear Bibiana," I told her, "I do know one excellent fellow suffering from ingrowing Knight-hood, but my knowledge of Barons is not intensive. On the whole, I rather fancy you can be rude to Under-Secretaries with impunity, and even to the Secretariate; but not to Ministers of Hotel rank. I believe you can wear rather more than less, and that even includes Jaeger. It doesn't seem to

matter who your dressmaker is. I have heard of Baronesses who wore knitted petticoats in seven colours, and thereby only gained an immense reputation for strength of mind. I've noticed that the slacks of Barons are appalling—I don't know why, but Barons seem more prone to knee than anybody outside Manchester or the Field-Officers of the Engineers. I understand that Barons buy automobiles, but refuse to use them—that is, a Baron buys one, and then goes by 'bus; nobody can explain why he does this, but I believe it's from principle rather than pleasure. As to their pleasures, Baronesses are prone to "East Lynne" as a dramatic *bonne bouche*; and any Baroness who was heard whistling Revue time, as you do, much too nicely, is immediately Star Chambered. . . ."

"You're getting to your unreliable stage," said Bibiana; "we'd better change the subject. What about the War?"

"I have it on absolutely reliable authority that the London Scottish have not the slightest intention of making a separate peace, so Von Kuhlmann is foiled. . . ."

"Bibiana left me then."

THE END.



FROM THE FRONT TO THE FOOTLIGHTS: FINISHING TOUCHES BEING PUT ON IN THE DRESSING-ROOM AT A THEATRE IN THE WAR-AREA—INCIDENTALLY CERTAIN TELL-TALE DETAILS.

As a good example of what can be done by men in the way of "making-up" as female characters, this illustration provides interesting testimony. Were it not, indeed, for the tell-tale Army boots lying, as taken off, on the floor, and the article of man's garments seen to the right, one might hazard the guess that the "ladies" would pass as such, and be "above suspicion."—[Photograph by G.P.U.]

IN ROBEY-LAND ?

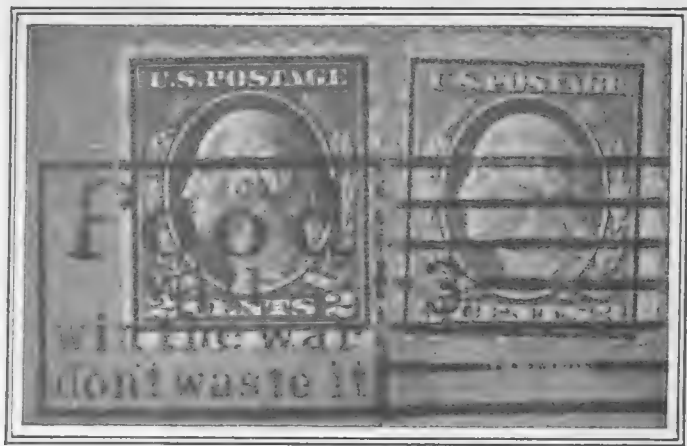






YOU and I have done the proper thing, and bought that Diary for 1918. It is filled in up to date. In parts it is more than filled in. It is fed up. Although executed in the smallest handwriting conceivable this side of the gates of Lilliput, the entry for Jan. 1 swarms stragglingly into the margins, and drops in little festoons and pendants of after-thought into Jan. 2. So is it with all days of the first week of our New Year. Our news is scandalously crowded. It is "all pressed up and no space to show"!

But it has plenty of breathing-space and elbow-room now, for we are on the threshold of 1918's second week. Your Diary—like mine—has no waiting queues of cramped words along its margins



A FOOD ECONOMY REMINDER FROM THE U.S.A.: AN AMERICAN POSTMARK ON A LETTER RECENTLY RECEIVED IN LONDON.

The U.S. postal authorities have adopted an ingenious device for reminding the Allies of the importance of food economy—that is to say, a cancelling postmark saying "Food will win the war—don't waste it."—[Photograph by C.N.]

to-day. To be sure, our Jan. 8 space is not an empty one. (The absolutely empty one is not due until about the second week in March.) But it is not, as theatre folk might say, a capacity space. It is not anything like full. You could still, if you felt that way—and that's just it: you *don't*—add a few more perilously compromising lines on the subject of your day's doings.

The new Diary more than anything else, new or old, is provocative of the *cacoethes scribendi*; but that itch for writing is cured by a remarkably few scratches of the pen, and it is for this reason, and not because we are warned by any suddenly awakening discretion, that our entries kite-tail off into nothingness so soon, and we are left, as from March to the close of the year, with nine months of blanks faced by frankly non-absorbent sheets of blotting-paper. And in the matter of this slacking you and I are in good company. Thackeray advanced us his sympathy when he wrote, I think it was well up in the June section of his diary (he was fairly industrious), "Can't think of anything to say to-day, so I'll draw a little man." Bless him for that splendidly human lapse! I must have drawn a whole Division of little men since I took to what is called "keeping a diary."

(RATHER IMPORTANT.—I wonder if I might ask you to note, as an event unique in the annals of New Year journalism, that I have referred to diaries without once bringing in the name of a useful and energetic Admiralty servant, who flourished—chiefly, it would seem, a pen—in the days of Nell Gwynne, shocking drainage, and Charles II?)

We all hope the appointment of Sir Rosslyn Wemyss to the job of First Sea Lord will lead to success more satisfactorily pronounced than his name. Within the past week or two, in 'bus, street, and train, his name has flown to my ears in so many different disguises! The Admiralty should tack this to the base of the Nelson Column—

We look for worlds of wondrous things to Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, hailed in the quarters whence he springs the First Sea Lord of England's dremyss! We entertain no doubt whate'er the Admiral is what he semyss. Yet, trusting, let us still beware of going to absurd extremyss!

The New Year's first new moon is upon us, and she has a duty to perform like the rest of us. She must draw in a bit when inclined to get too full!

By the way, when is Mr. Heath Robinson going to design an apparatus for tightening the Belt of Orion?

I've been to a "Dick Whittington" pantomime, and I'm looking for the man who started the rumour that the people lack imagination! One of the things I want to do to him, whether he be on his guard or off it, is to make him tell me what it is, if it is not imagination, that causes the Man in the Street to applaud wildly the jingo utterances and unreal prowess of a legendary hero presented in the form of woman? He would have to confess, would my trapped rumourist, that it was all due to a tremendous imagination—an imagination that, for the time being, sat smotheringly upon common-sense, flattened out all reasoning, and pulped the sense of proportion.

I often wonder, when at a pantomime or a melodrama, whether there is any man present who, having given all the best days of his life to the service of his fellows, and then become a victim to the partisan parrot-cry of "Must Go," is reflecting a little sorrowfully, even a little bitterly, upon the public applause lavished upon brave deeds that are never done and noble sacrifices that are never made! . . . We want more imagination, do we, Mr. Critic? Don't you believe it! I have heard it ruefully whispered lately, in circles that only a very lively imagination could ever admit you to, that what we sometimes lack is—bend your ear closer to me; the word is of truth, but it is of ugliness likewise! . . . There!

I met a man at Anywhere—a Mighty Soul was he. He ruled the land and sea and air for yours and mine and me. For mine and me and yours and you he burned the double flame. His deeds electrified you through—you cheered and blessed his name.

I met a man from Nowhere then—a man of paper he, who sold his thousands ten times ten, to yours and mine and me. He said the Mighty Soul "must go"—his blood and brain were spent. And since he willed and billed it so, the parrot-cry sped round, and lo, our cast-off hero went!

I've met him since at Anywhere—no bitter word has he (although his load was hard to bear) for yours and mine and me! A gentleman, his lips are sealed. A man, his pride is stiff! . . . You see, he knew his cricket-field, and Rudyard Kipling's "If"!



"INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM": GIFTS WORTH £14,000 TO THE CHILDREN'S JEWEL FUND.

Mrs. Lloyd George and the Duchess of Norfolk recently appealed for the Children's Jewel Fund, founded to establish Child Welfare Centres throughout the country. At the top in our photograph is a pearl collar given by the Duchess of Marlborough, Hon. Treasurer. Below (left to right) are a diamond tiara from the Countess of Essex, a pearl-and-diamond hair ornament from the Hon. Lady Ward, and a diamond tiara from Mrs. John Gilliat.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

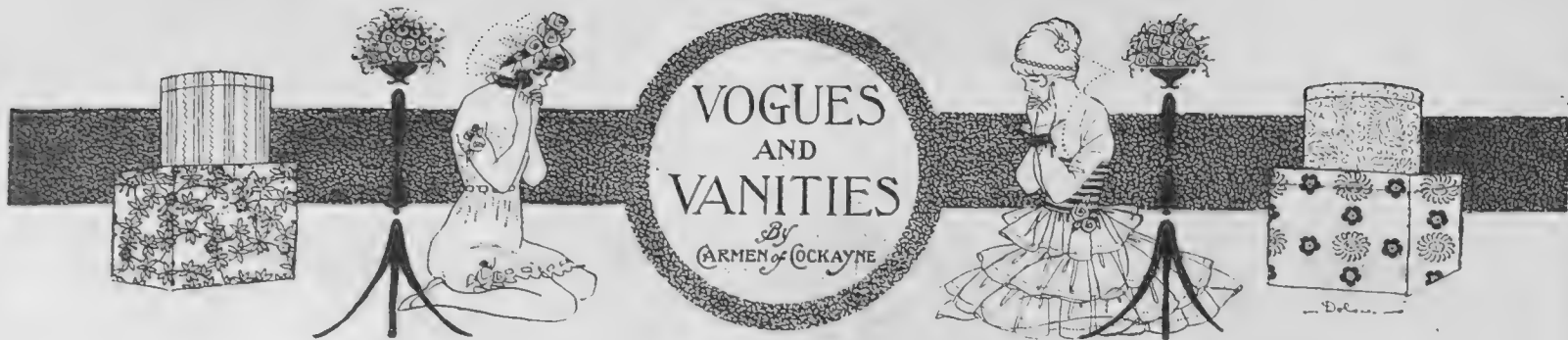
A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.



"This is a present for the wife."  
"I didn't know you were married!"  
"Oh, it's not *my* wife."

DRAWN BY WILL SCOTT.





**Tube Tyranny.** The narrow skirt is with us, the hobble has emerged from its retirement. Whether women will consent to wear it is another matter, though there is no denying that it is being put forward in the most attractive and deceptive way. The emancipated amongst us who have long since decided that we are never going to submit to skirt tyranny—at any rate, narrow-skirt tyranny—any more are liable to be caught by the latest manifestation of dress economy.

**Was It the Men?** But feminine resolutions, even when of the war-time patriotic brand that are so fashionable just now, are of no avail against Fashion when once that determined lady has made up her mind.

The return of the tube has been so gradual that it has taken Eve completely by surprise. Under the veil of kindly camouflaging tunics and voluminous draperies, the jupe has been slowly but surely whittled away until it is now nothing but an attenuated ghost of its former billowing self. Spiteful people are saying that the new departure is not so much an economically inspired change—which, in fact, it is not—as an insidious attempt on the part of man to fetter woman, whose war-time activities and humble

and parcel it out into slender panel-like divisions, a scintillating fringe for greater brightness, and a "pouf" tunic of mauve-and-silver gauze to give it an attractive colour-note. And, because the dress-artist is nothing if not bold these days, there is a belt of pink satin shading from deep salmon to palest rose, and a trail of pink and mauve satin flowers, sprinkled with jade-green leaves for gaiety, that begins somewhere in the region of the waist and wanders upwards over the shoulder, finishing its career as a flowery armlet, thus effecting an economy in sleeve expenditure.

#### Old Friends Under a New Roof.

A shock to find people whom one has always associated with the domed palace of pleasure at the corner of the Strand transferred to the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

But at least it is a comfort to know that their taste in dress has not been affected by the change. The frocks in "Yes, Uncle" are quite lovely, and no woman could do better, and might do worse—very much worse—than glean an idea for her spring wardrobe from the beautiful gowns that, apart from all other considerations, make the play so well worth a visit.

#### Some Frocks.

Personally, I haven't any sympathy with the cynic who is so fond of advancing the view that these days it is the dresses and not the play that counts. Anyway, so long as there are women who can spare the time to attend to enjoyment, footlight frocks and frills will never cease to thrill. The woman has yet to be created who could remain indifferent to white satin beauty when it is draped in classical lines about the figure of Miss Margaret Bannerman, and held at the waist with an ornamental band of glittering mock diamonds. Talking of diamonds, it is a long time since any *couturier* has been inspired with an idea so brilliant as the designer of the diamond-and-silver lace frock worn by Miss Julia James, in which a parrot with a glittering tail that encircles the figure of the wearer holds the draped folds of silver lace in its beak, whilst

its sparkling wings mount upwards over the shoulders of the lucky owner. Jade-green chiffon velvet, with insertions of chiffon, and a collar and sleeve-bands of silvery chinchilla, conspire to produce another unusual and effective frock; and the bright-blue feather flowers that decorate a gown of gold tissue are quite the most attractive novelties that fashion or the art of the dressmaker has provided for many a long day.



A "rationed" headdress of jet beads and tassels can be quite effective.

intelligence are said to be proving too much for his peace of mind. It now remains to be seen whether she will allow Fashion to divert her mind from practical affairs.

**A Surprise Attack.** Of course, if the dress-makers had put forward the 1918 skirt frankly, it would have died at birth of sheer neglect. Surprise attacks, however, are not confined to the field of battle, and the tube has turned up almost before anyone realised the fact that its advent was contemplated. Not a few fashions are born behind the footlights, and at the moment the theatres are showing the narrow skirt in endless variety and in undeniably attractive guise. There is the turquoise-blue charmeuse gown, for instance, that Miss Peggy Kurton wears in "The Beauty Spot," in which the latest fashion is cleverly combined with the comfort that even the most fashionable woman is not yet prepared to sacrifice altogether. The slender satin jupe is draped over a full underskirt of shaded blue chiffon in such a way that the "limbs" of the wearer are accorded fair play without interfering at all with the drain-pipe outline which is the kind of figure that every woman wants now.

**Some Compensation.** But it is not every frock that is so considerably planned, though—again—to take one made for Miss Kurton—if there is anything that could compensate one for freedom curtailed, it would take the form of a narrow petticoat of silver tissue, with diamond-and-crystal trimming to outline its scalloped edge



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What is not silver tissue of the corsage is blue flowers. The cloak is silver-grey chiffon velvet lined with celestial blue.



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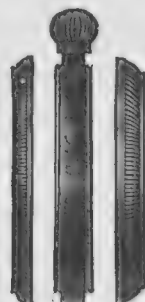
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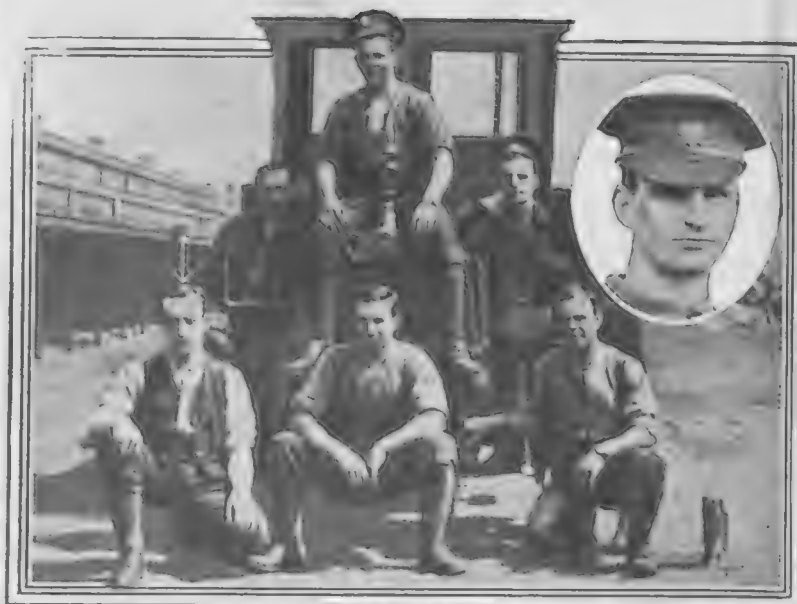


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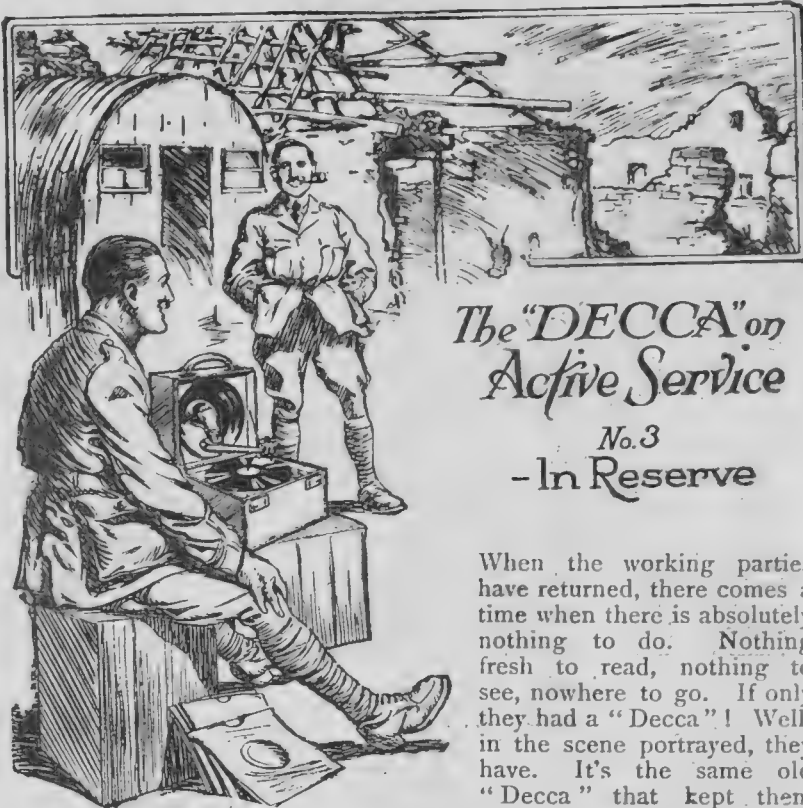
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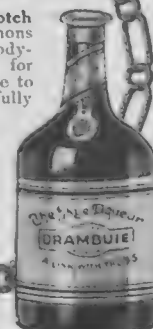
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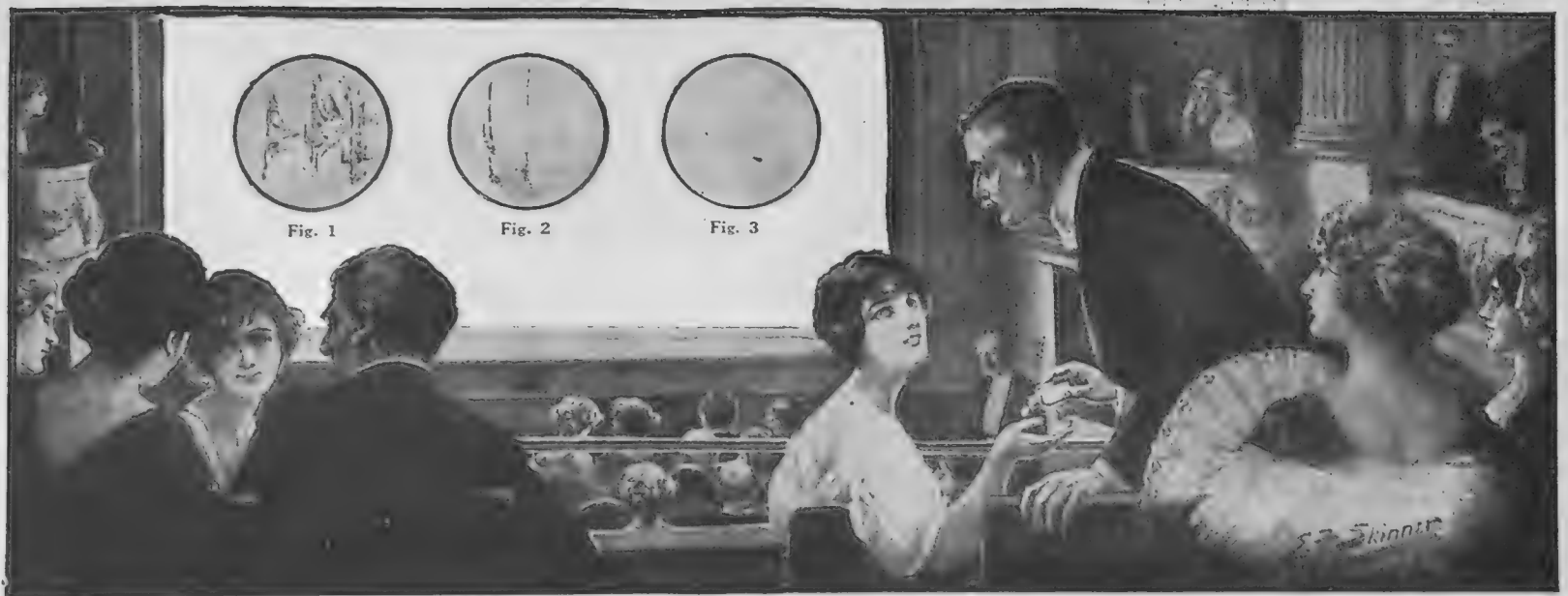
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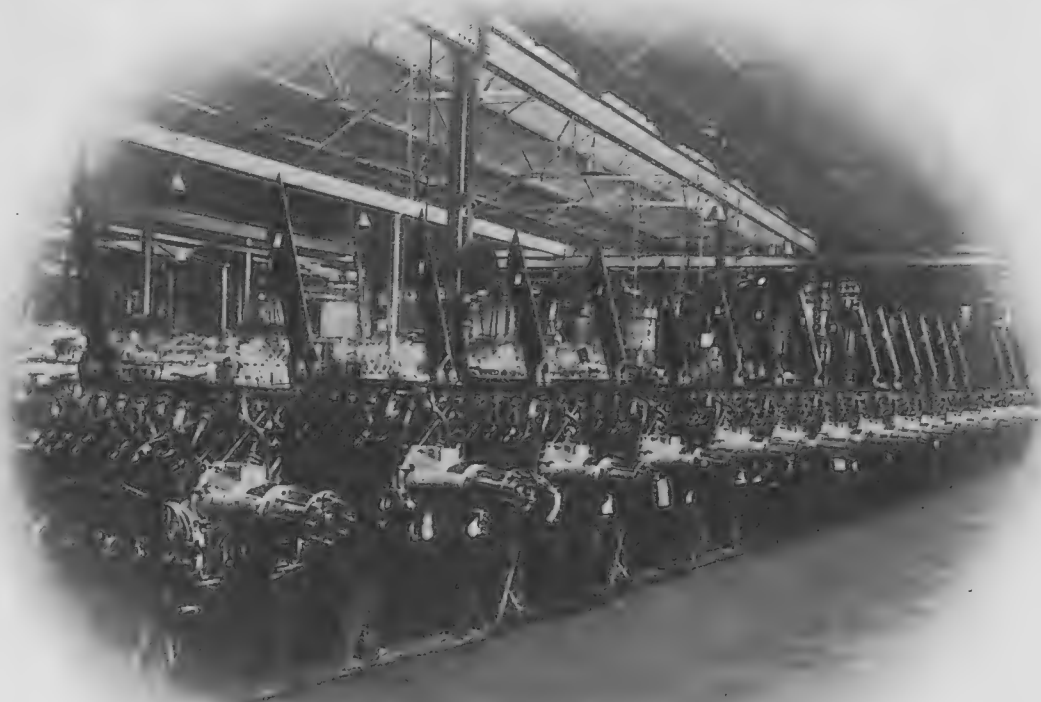
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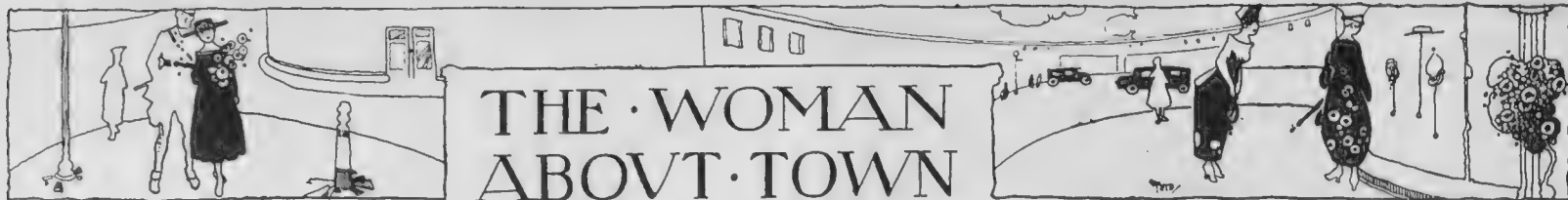
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## THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

### A Good Opportunity.

Walk up, ladies—walking is the fashion these days—and see what you can do for yourselves at Debenham and Freebody's Sale, which is now in progress and will so continue until the 28th inst. Looking forward is good policy where clothes are concerned. Emergency buying is most expensive. It is no *façon de parler* that there are exceptional bargains in every department of the great house in Wigmore Street, but stating an absolute and pleasant fact. Crêpe-de-Chine sports coats, now general utility coats, can be purchased at a uniform price of 3 guineas which sold for 9s. 6d. to 9 guineas. Charming graceful velvet tea-frocks are selling for 9s. 6d. which were 6½ guineas. Brocaded Ninon dresses, suitable for quiet dinners and the play, are very pretty and stylish, and sell for 8s. 6d.; these were 6½ guineas. A fur-trimmed coat in wool velour, with a double belt and deep fur collar, in a few good colours, for 8s. 6d., makes a real bargain. There are scores—nay, thousands—of others.

### Protective and Becoming.

We know our climate, and we abuse it freely; as a matter of fact, we find no other quite so much to our mind, the reason being that Burberrys render us indifferent to the worst of it and equipped to enjoy the best of it. Contrary to expectation, their winter sale—now proceeding, and going on until the 28th inst.—affords more favourable opportunity than ever for advantageous purchases. As woollen clothes will be dearer and dearer as time goes on—possibly

by no means procurable in the quantity required—it is a rare chance to get Burberry's top-coats, coats and skirts, hats, gowns, cloths of special designs woven and proofed by Burberry's unrivalled process, made up into garments for men and women at prices ranging from half their original cost, and in all cases easy for all. Catalogues—one for men, one for us women—are provided, and will be sent post free, with measurement forms. I imagine that there will be a run on the well-known establishment in the Haymarket.

### "G. O. P."

Well, of course, no one bent on making good investments for the spring, and finding real bargains for the present, ever dreams of leaving Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, out of their programme at sale time. It will be in progress at this well-known house through this month, and the value offered is amazing. A long velour coat in navy, purple, bottle-green, and other dark colours, with a collar and pocket-flaps of coney-seal, for 5½ guineas is a very sound investment. There is a wide selection of long-cloth coats, stylish and handsome, from £3 18s. 6d. Model tailored skirts, with the new high waistband, from 25s., represent a most useful branch of our wardrobe that always wants keeping up. Tweed coats and skirts, well tailored, in good mixtures, from 75s., are in the nature of rare bargains. Hats are being sold at wonderful reductions; and so are knitted woollen sports coats, from 21s. 9d. There is no doubt that those who purchase at this sale will reiterate the oft-breathed encomium, "Good old Peter's!"

### Studies in the Art of Dress.

There is no place like Jays when sales are on, because what you get there can be worn with perfect confidence among the smartest people and the greatest connoisseurs in the art of dress.

The coat which our artist has drawn for us is in the richest brocade the ground black, and the clusters of flowers pink and gold and silver—a real thing of art. The shape speaks for itself; it is a model from a celebrated Parisian house; the lining is sunset-pink chiffon Ninon, and the price is only 18½ guineas. There are quantities of coats for day and evening wear, all at most moderate prices. A lovely dark-hued cloth coat, fitting fairly closely, and having long lines, and a big, stylish, high collar of musquash seal, costs only 12½ guineas; without the fur, 10½ guineas. These are, of course, very low prices for such exclusive things. Throughout the whole of Jays' large establishment there is most excellent value during sale time. It is an opportunity not to be neglected.

### Only the Best.

Well worth waiting for is Marshall and Snelgrove's winter sale, which began on Monday (the 7th) and goes on until the 28th. It is, to those in the know, the chance of buying really good, first-rate style, and excellent material gowns, coats and skirts, dinner and evening frocks, and all their et-ceteras, at most favourable prices. A chiffon velvet tea-frock with a bodice of chiffon and embroidery is a rare investment at 9s. 6d. There is, too, for those who like their "undies" to be on an equality with their "overies," an evening combined underskirt and bodice in triple Ninon, hand-made, and trimmed with lace, at 28s. 9d. A long, well-cut, fur-trimmed coat in wool velour at 8s. 6d. is a capital garment for all seasons, and remarkably cheap. In every department of this well-known house it will be found that the soundest clothes and millineric investments can be made, with the assurance that everything is of the very best.

### Things Pretty, New, and Cheap.

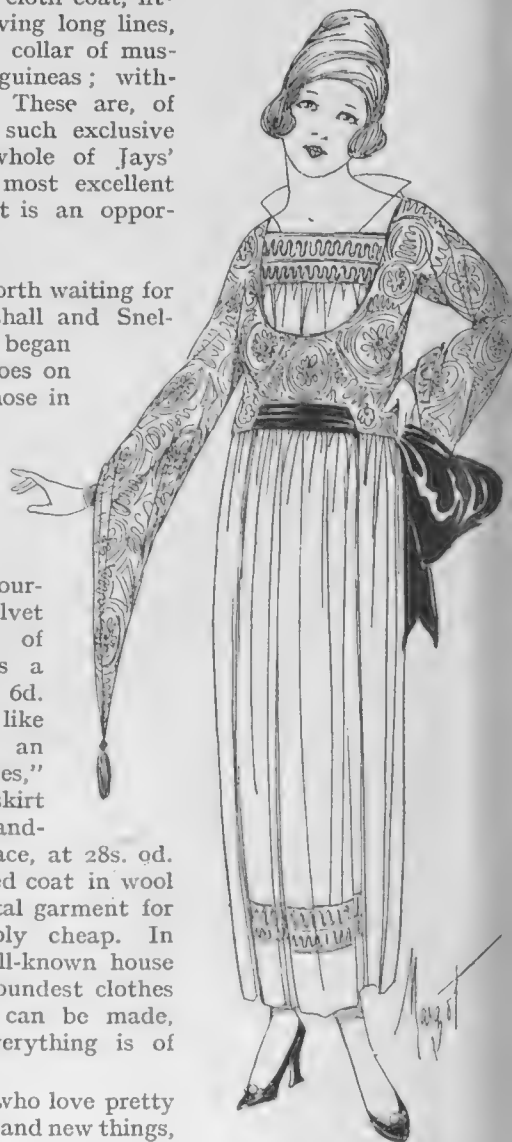
Those who love pretty clothes and new things, the latest millinery, and all the things that go to make the thoroughly well-dressed woman are wisely bending their steps to Woolland's well-known house in Knightsbridge, where the winter sale is in progress and will go on until Saturday, the 26th inst. Among the items offering splendid value in every department are some dainty, yet warm and light dressing-gowns in quilted silk, lined with silk, at 4 guineas. There are lovely rest-gowns in velveteen, lined to the waist with silk, and with neck and sleeves finished with gold or silver lace, at 5 guineas; charming silk and wool poplin frocks with gaberdine collars at 52s.; novel and becoming velour hats at most moderate prices; well-tailored coats in good nap cloth at 75s. 6d.; very smart seal-coney coats from 13 guineas; a quantity of pieces of material at very low prices. So many are the chances of favourable purchase at Woolland's that I advise sending a card for a post-free sale catalogue.

The English may be, as Mr. E. V. Lucas suggests in his Introduction to the First Part of "Admirals of the British Navy" (portraits in colours by Francis Dodd, published for the Government from 20, Tavistock Street, W.C.), "singularly incurious about their Navy"; but, he is careful to add, "That attitude must not be thought to imply neglect. On the contrary, it is a blend of admiration, respect, and, above all, confidence." Mr. Francis Dodd has treated his sitters honestly, giving them to the world as they are, and the result is a lifelike verisimilitude which must win general commendation. The series opens with a striking portrait of Sir John Jellicoe, whose elevation to the Peerage has just been announced.



A GRACEFUL EVENING CLOAK FROM MESSRS. JAYS, LTD., REGENT STREET.

This coat is made of black brocade with clusters of flowers of pink and gold and silver. It is lined with sunset-pink chiffon Ninon.



A PICTURESQUE AFTER-NOON DRESS.

A charming dress of French red satin, the bodice being embroidered all over with a fine metal thread. The chemisette and front panel are of Ninon of the same tone.

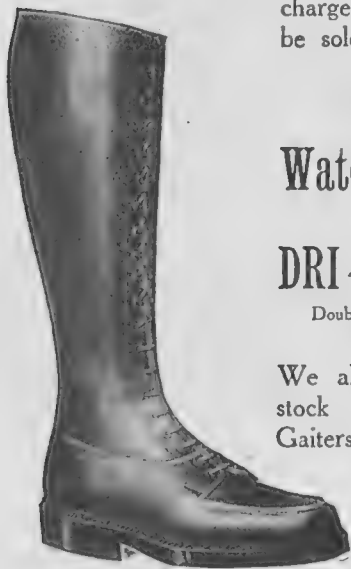
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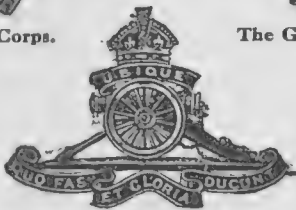
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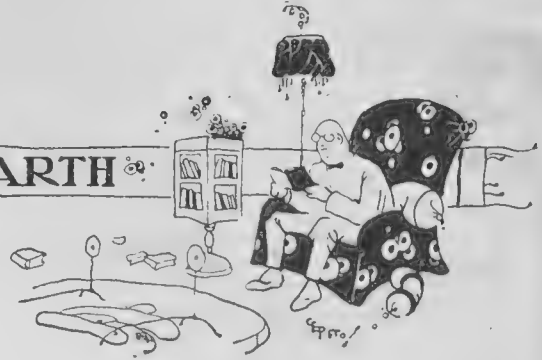
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## THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

[By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.]



COURAGE and Fear are twin-brothers. Cowardice, that occasionally poses as one or the other, is a poor and distant relation of theirs, but the family likeness is superficial. This isn't generally known, and not so long ago some London heroes of both sexes strutted in a newspaper correspondence, flouting the unassuming many who sit in cellars during an air raid—not really

from cowardice, but because they have horse-sense enough to realise danger, and to know that, though they might swagger absurdly like Ajax defying the lightning, if a bomb hits them they can't hit it back. In a world of uncertainties, two pretty sure things are that it is the coward who, after the event, dare not own he was frightened, and the brave who, having a clear conscience, speaks carelessly and without shame of the natural fear which, in an hour of peril, knocks at the door of his heart only to waken his courage.

That is why I am drawn to Guy Empey and his book, "From the Fire-Step." He proved his pluck again and again in bombing-raids and the roaring huily-burly of battle, but it does not occur to him to boast of it. On the contrary, he tells you he was glad of a dug-out under shell fire; that before he became used to it he was, in certain circumstances, so horribly afraid that his knees knocked together;

reveals in sixty stories, distilled from official records, something of the heroic "doings and endurance of the officers and men of the Mercantile Marine," who have indomitably carried on their business as usual in the great waters in defiance of floating mines and submarine pirates. There are no prouder or more thrilling stories in our annals. You feel around after words that are big enough and fine enough to say what you think of it all, and, finding none, fall back on a line or two from one of Ordinary Seaman Curran Reedy's vigorous "Blue Sea Ballads and Chanties"—

Oh, mighty ships and gallant men,  
Oh, swift, undying days,  
Hark, how the murmur of the wind  
Breathes pæans in your praise!  
and let it go at that.

A new humourist and a fresh sort of fiction that claims to be fact should be as welcome in these times as unexpected butter to a man who went into the queue for margarine. And the new humourist is all wool and won't shrink in the wash. Not so robust as Jerome, nor so subtle, perhaps, as Barry Pain can be, but the genuine article, made in Ireland, and characteristically Irish. If you can read the tales in "Ballygullion" without laughter, yours must be a bad case, and you ought to take something for it.

The exciting thing about the other book, "My Two Kings," is that its author is considerably over two hundred years old, and still alive and young. It is described on the wrapper as a novel, but is really a personal memoir, for in a prologue Mrs. Evan Nepean claims,

in all seriousness, to be a reincarnation of Charlotte Stuart, a cousin of Charles II., and she has written here what she remembers of Charles and Monmouth and the ladies and gallants who helped to make the Restoration period so picturesque and so scandalous. In spite of the wrapper, she says, "This is not a novel. It is a rambling, disjointed, personal account of the life I seem to remember"; and, if it differs from history on some points, that only proves how unreliable the historians are, for, as she remarks in italics, "I was there," so, of course, she ought to know. I should like to call the attention of Mr. G. G. Greenwood and Mr. Robertson to this matter. Unless Mrs. Evan Nepean is an astonishing exception, there ought to be a lot of other reincarnated people going about, and it might be possible to discover Shakespeare among them, and so get that little trouble between him and Bacon amicably arranged.

There are some interesting studies in W. M. Parker's "Modern Scottish Writers," and the twelve he has included all deserve to be there. There are omissions, and the explanation that a few authors are excluded because their outlook is not modern or their work not of sufficient importance does not justify leaving Neil Munro, John Buchan, and Ian Hay out in the cold. But, so far as it goes, Mr. Parker's survey is a capable and a useful one.

### BOOKS TO READ.

- From the Fire-Step. By Arthur Guy Empey. (Putnam's.)  
If the Germans Conquered England. By Robert Lynd. (Mausel.)  
Captivity and Escape. By Jean Martin. (John Murray.)  
The Merchant Seaman in War. By L. Cope Cornford. With a Foreword by Admiral Sir John Jellicoe. (Hodder and Stoughton.)  
Blue Sea Ballads and Chanties. By W. Curran Reedy. (Erskine Macdonald.)  
Ballygullion. By Lynn Doyle. Illustrated by William Conor. (Mausel.)  
My Two Kings. By Mrs. Evan Nepean. (Andrew Melrose.)  
Modern Scottish Writers. By W. M. Parker. (Hodge and Co.)  
Through the Russian Revolution. By Claude Anet. Illustrated. (Hutchinson.)  
Crescent and Iron Cross. By E. F. Benson. (Hodder.)



A WELL-KNOWN PUBLISHER  
AMONG THE NEW YEAR KNIGHTS:  
SIR ARTHUR SPURGEON.

Sir Arthur Spurgeon is managing-director to Messrs. Cassell and Co., and was formerly managing-editor of the National Press Agency in London. He is also Chairman of the Croydon Magistrates.

Photograph by C.N.

that when volunteers were wanted for specially dangerous jobs he was impelled to offer himself, but usually wondered, as soon as he was accepted, whether he wasn't a bit of a fool to rush into risks he might have avoided. These natural, human feelings, and the fearless honesty with which he confesses to them, somehow bring his courage home to you more than any bluster ever could. Empey is an American. The sinking of the *Lusitania* put the lid on his patience; he came over hot-foot to enlist in the British Army as a private, and the story of his experiences is as realistic as anything written of the war; but his quaint, irrepressible humour runs all through, and mitigates its tragedy and darkness with light and laughter. He was wounded more than once, and had earned his sergeant's stripes before he was knocked out and invalided to Blighty, and finally discharged as physically unfit. Read his book, and you will know that I was not trying my hand at a paradox when I named Fear the twin-brother of Courage.

Appropriately enough, among a brilliant miscellany of essays in Robert Lynd's "If the Germans Conquered England," is a shrewd dissertation on "Courage." Lynd is one of those logical Irishmen we were talking of last week; withal he leavens his logic with a tolerant human-kindness, a whimsical wit, and a charm of style that make him one of the most delightful of essayists. "We earn our courage in the sweat of our brows," says he; "Goethe, we are told, no sooner felt afraid to do a thing than he did it"; and he shows what real courage is in his anecdote of the soldier who, "being jeered at for his pallor and nervousness, replied to his tormentors: 'If you were half as afraid as I am, you would have run away.'"

The whole theme is abundantly illustrated in "Captivity and Escape," by Jean Martin, a French sergeant-major who was taken prisoner by the Germans; endured cheerfully, and saw others—French and British—endure as cheerfully, humiliations, hardships, brutalities at the hands of their captors; then, at last, made a daring bid for liberty and escaped. It is illustrated on larger lines and more magnificently in "The Merchant Seaman in War," which



A WELL-KNOWN CARTOONIST AMONG  
THE NEW YEAR KNIGHTS: SIR LESLIE  
WARD ("SPY").

Sir Leslie Ward was "Spy" of "Vanity Fair" from 1873 to 1909. He has exhibited at the Academy sculpture, architectural drawings, and portraits.—[Photograph by Vandyk.]



A WELL-KNOWN JOURNALIST  
AMONG THE NEW YEAR  
BARONETS: SIR GEORGE  
RIDDELL, BT.

As Vice-Chairman of the Newspaper Conference, Newspaper Proprietors' Association, and Newspaper Society, Sir George Riddell has done important work during the war in keeping the Press in touch with the Government.

Photograph by Swaine.

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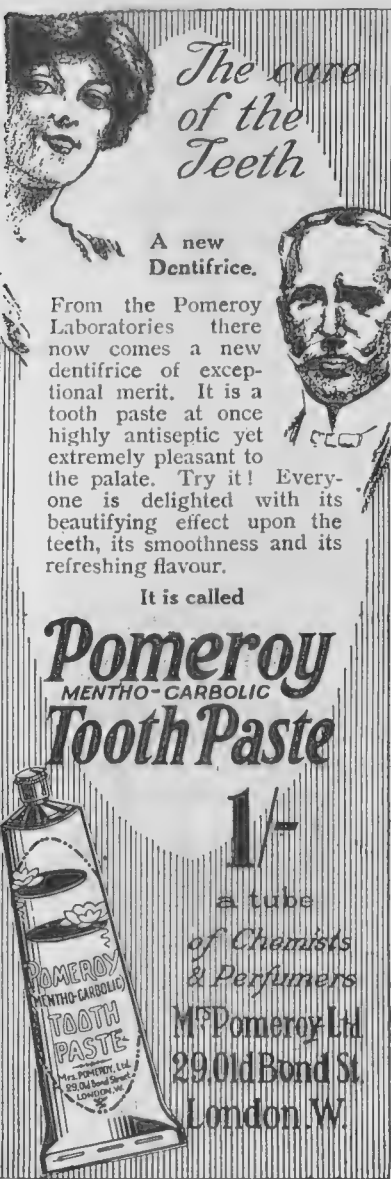
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**WOMEN MOTOR-DRIVERS FOR THE GOVERNMENT: AUTOMATIC AEROPLANES: ACROBATICS IN THE AIR.**

**Free Training for Women.**

A new development is announced in connection with the employment of women motor-car drivers for Government work. The Women's Legion, which now carries out the bulk of the mechanical transport work for Home Service, has decided to give free instruction to women, and also to give them free accommodation and board during the period of training. This step should have the welcome effect of tapping a new field, and bringing in much-needed recruits. When, during the earliest days of the war, women began to come forward as would-be car-drivers, and practically besieged the motor schools, I pointed out that they were mostly ladies, and in no sense approximated to the chauffeur type. To servant girls and the wives and daughters of the artisan class the question of fees was and always has been a serious matter. Either they could not raise the money at all, or, even if they did, incurred the risk of losing it by their own incapacity to become good drivers. There is always a certain proportion of failures, but the loss of the money paid in fees is of less moment to the educated girl than to the more humble class of worker. Now, however, there is at least no monetary obstacle in the way of any woman becoming a motor-car driver, and the only question which has yet to be determined is the proportion of failures to be expected from a different order of recruits. It is not enough to say that if, without being highly educated, the ordinary chauffeur or mechanic can drive a car, therefore their wives and daughters can equally face the task; the women have not had the same chance of quickening their intelligence, whereas the educated woman has been able to divert her brain into a new channel, even though before the war she never anticipated that she would have to study the theory of carburation or the delicate mechanism of the magneto.

**The Stable Aeroplane.**

To many people it would probably come as a surprise to be told that what was for a long time the dream of the aeroplane designer—namely, inherent stability—has been realised since the war began, and that a machine will automatically right itself from any position, even upside down, provided only it is given sufficient room. If it is too near the ground when the engine fails, or the pilot has allowed himself to lose his flying speed and therefore dives or side-slips, the

a pilot could be spirited on board at the last minute it could be straightened up and landed; but, that being impossible, the machine would damage itself at the finish unless it fell on very soft ground. As a matter of fact, machines have been found even too stable for fighting purposes, and pilots have asked for and obtained something



**MOUNTAINEERING WITH A LADY AT THE WHEEL: AN ALPINE-TESTED NAPIER WITH SNOWDON AS BACKGROUND.**

The car here seen on the Capel Curig road between Bettws-y-Coed and Llanberis, with Snowdon in the background, is a 30-35-h.p. six-cylinder Napier—the same model that was successfully tested in the Alps under official R.A.C. supervision. With its simplicity of control and reserve of silent power, it can be handled with ease by a lady driver on awkward passes and bye-roads.

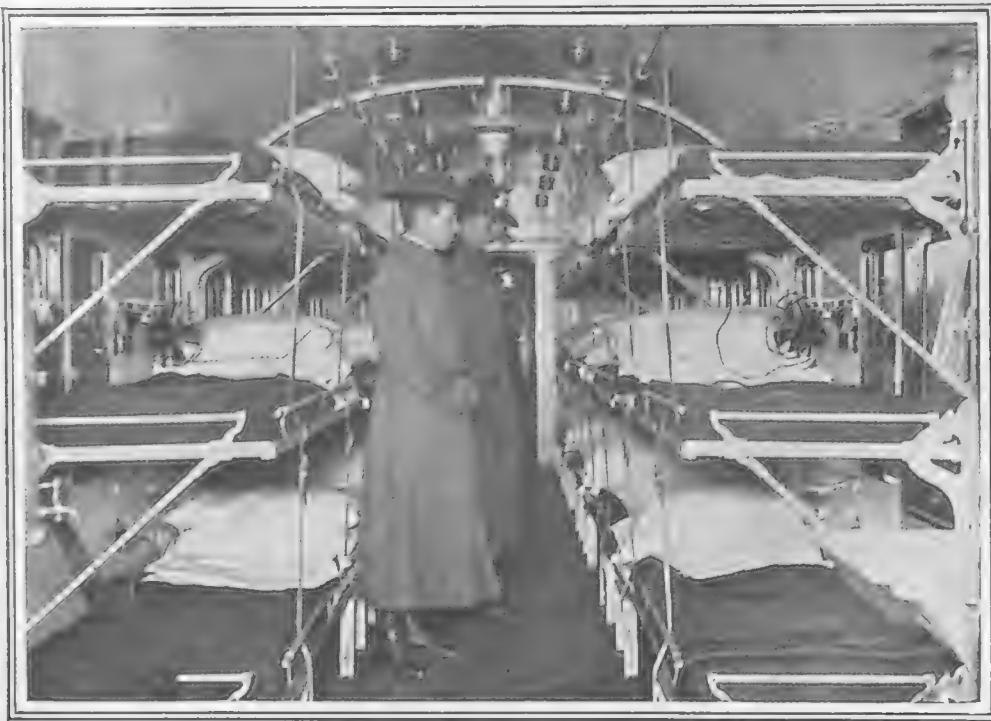
that is quicker in response to its controls than a truly automatic machine. But on no type of aeroplane nowadays is there anything like the demand upon the pilot's individual efforts, where flying as apart from fighting is concerned, that was inevitable in the early days of aviation.

**Aerial Acrobatics.**

The machine which demanded the maximum of physical effort was, of course, the original Wright, which had no tail. Wilbur Wright did such marvellous things thereon at Pau in the way of banking and figure eights that it was a perpetual subject for speculation among the amazed beholders as to how much the feats were due to the machine and how much to the daring pilot himself. He himself, however, a singularly reticent man, would never afford the slightest information in reply to questions. And even when the machine was multiplied, and other pilots learned to fly it, there were so many abstruse problems to be considered that the question of physical effort was hardly ever discussed in print. None the less, as a matter of historic interest, it may be recorded here that the equilibrium of the early Wright machine was literally dependent upon muscular effort. The control of the machine could in one sense be compared to that of an imaginary motor-car which had two large central wheels, with a small one off the ground in front and a similar one behind, the driver seeking to maintain an even keel and avoid touching the ground with either of the small wheels. Indeed, it is a fact that, imperfect as was the engine of those days, the duration of a flight on a Wright machine was, nevertheless, a question of physical strength, and the man usually gave up before the motor.

**"Triplex" Success.**

It is always pleasant to come across a case in which a firm has not been "snowed under" by the war, despite the necessity for changing, to a large extent, the nature of its manufactures. The Triplex Safety Glass Company, for example, was very much to the fore in 1914 with its unbreakable screens for motor-cars; but since then pleasure motoring has become extinct, and the wonderfully effective, though simple, Triplex system has been largely applied to aeroplanes, ship lights, and other purposes, and to a degree which has earned a dividend of 10 per cent. on the year's working. As a firm believer in safety glass, I congratulate the firm on this satisfactory result.



**BUILT BY THE MIDLAND RAILWAY COMPANY FOR THE U.S. ARMY: A FINELY EQUIPPED AMBULANCE-TRAIN.**

The ambulance-train whose interior is illustrated above was recently inspected at St. Pancras. It is 913 ft. long, and consists of 16 cars, with the cots in three tiers along each side.—[Photograph by C.N.]

machine will crash before it has time to recover itself; but so automatic in its action is a well-balanced machine that it could actually be sent up into the air under its own power without a pilot on board. It would climb until it found its "ceiling," and when it had used up all its petrol it would come down at its natural gliding angle. If

pleasure motoring has become extinct, and the wonderfully effective, though simple, Triplex system has been largely applied to aeroplanes, ship lights, and other purposes, and to a degree which has earned a dividend of 10 per cent. on the year's working. As a firm believer in safety glass, I congratulate the firm on this satisfactory result.

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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE whole company which was until recently playing at the Gaiety has been transferred to the Prince of Wales Theatre, where it began operations with a musical comedy adapted from the French by Mr. Austen Hurgon and Mr. George Arthurs. "Yes, Uncle" ought to be as successful as anything which this clever company has ever done. Its chief feature is Mr. Leslie Henson, who has a very long part, which he carries through with untiring energy and any amount of humour. He is a young gentleman who makes it a business of getting a friend out of trouble and falling into it himself. First, he rescues that friend from a Spanish lady who is in hot pursuit. Then he personates that friend, and is left in his flat with a lady who is personating that friend's wife, and much complication ensues from the arrival of the uncle who is referred to in the title of the play. Finally, we meet him as a waiter at a Paris ball; and in everything he makes the most of his opportunities for laughter, being not only a comedian with a broadly comic face and a clever gift of dancing, but also a man of wit. Round him are old favourites, such as Mr. Davy Burnaby, who is excellent as the uncle from India; Mr. Robert Nainby, as an explosive Spaniard; Mr. Henri Leoni, with a good song or two; and Miss Julia James, who sings neatly an ingenious little ballad about widows; and, among the newcomers, Miss Margaret Bannerman plays prettily, and Miss Lily St. John makes her mark as an actress and singer of real individuality. And the chorus is as splendid as usual—indeed, it was easy to see that it was recognised as a well-known person as truly as any of the individual players.

"Sleeping Partners," at the St. Martin's, also is from the French, being originally by M. Sacha Guitry, and translated by somebody not specified. It has only three persons in it: Mr. Seymour Hicks,

Miss Madge Lessing, and Mr. Stanley Turnbull—lover, wife, and husband—and it is chiefly Mr. Hicks. Mr. Hicks making love, Mr. Hicks soliloquising, Mr. Hicks at the telephone, Mr. Hicks defeated and reduced to absurdity by mistakes in giving sleeping-draughts instead of sal-volatile—first to the wife, and then to the husband. It is a neat and clever little farce, with a good deal of verbal wit—some of it, perhaps, rather obvious, but all of it entertaining; and particularly entertaining is Mr. Hicks trying to convey passionate love by telephone and subject to the customary interruptions. He is the traditional lover, but has this misfortune—that, when the wife whom he has fascinated calls at his flat, he accidentally sends her to sleep for twelve hours, which spoils the evening. He and she are saved in the traditional way by the discovery that the husband, through some similarly unfortunate accident, was also out all night, and therefore believes himself to be the only person in the wrong. The situations are handled with quite a reasonable degree of discretion, and in the proper spirit of airy nonsense. Mr. Hicks, returning to the ordinary stage after a long absence, plays with his accustomed vivacity; and Mr. Turnbull and Miss Madge Lessing back him up very well.



MENTIONED BY SIR DOUGLAS HAIG:  
MISS HERMIONE LYTTTELTON.

Miss Hermione Lyttelton is the younger daughter of General the Right Hon. Sir Neville Gerald Lyttelton, P.C.; G.C.B., G.C.V.O., and of Lady Lyttelton, and is one of the Special Probationers mentioned by Sir Douglas Haig. Lady Lyttelton is a daughter of the late Right Hon. James Stuart-Wortley, M.P.

Photograph by Val d'Estrange.

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